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THE BOMB



Virginia Military
Institute

DEDICATION

to

Colonel William T. Poague

Gentle, loving, brave

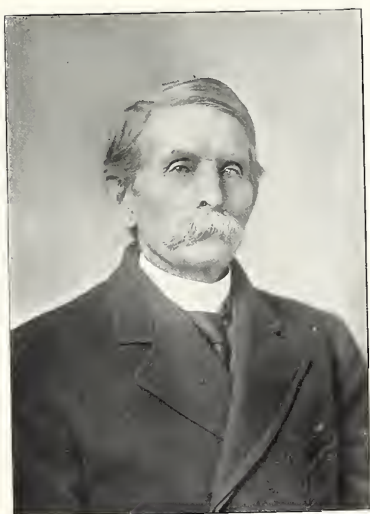
Loyal, faithful, efficient

A soldier and a gentleman

A very Bayard

"Sans Peur et sans Reproche"

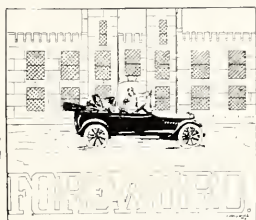
This was a MAN



COLONEL WILLIAM T. POAGUE



MISS JEAN QUINLAN
Illinois
SPONSOR for The NINETEEN-FIFTEEN BOMB



FOR THIRTY YEARS this book has regularly appeared before the public in its endeavor to portray as vividly as possible the events in cadet life of the passing year, for the deep perusal of friends, alumni and cadets. Thirty times it has been criticised in ridicule and praise, as the nature and love of poetical eloquence of the reader may have been slumbering when this book was thrust upon them. "But a mon's a mon for a' that."

This, the Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen "Bomb," presenting itself in the thirty-first volume, comes to you upon bended knee beseeching you to find the point in every joke, see the object in every drawing, appreciate the literary effort in every topic, and see in the completed product life, as outlined and adhered to at the

"West Point of the South."

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THE BOARD
OF VISITORS



HIS EXCELLENCY HON. HENRY CARTER STUART

Governor of the Commonwealth

Commander-in-Chief



Board of Visitors

HIS EXCELLENCY, HENRY CARTER STUART
Governor of Virginia
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

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(Terms expire July 1, 1918)

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General WILLIAM W. SALE.....Richmond, Va.
Adjutant-General of Virginia
Hon. R. C. STEARNES.....Richmond, Va.
Superintendent of Public Instruction

V. M. I. Doxology

Red, White and Yellow floats on high,
Unfurled the colors, rise and cry
With spirit that shall never die,
God bless our men and V. M. I.

Age on age may come and go,
Or rule the world an unborn foe,
But victory ne'er will count the cost
For victory cheap is victory lost.

Yon mountain chains may sink to plains,
All human monuments may fail;
The memory of our men shall live—
Fame's rubric is their deathless tale.

And still upon the altered shore
Of sea-cliffs crumbled into sand,
And unknown race in pride shall trace
The story of our matchless band.

Reck not of time—no lapse shall see
An age—not e'en eternity
When men in passing shall not pause
For inspiration from our cause!

J. C. WISE.

THE FACULTY



COL. BYRD



COL. JONES



COL. PATTON



GEN. NICHOLS



COL. PENDLETON



COL. KERLIN



COL. WISE



COL. WATTS



COL. TUCKER



LIEUT. COL. POAGUE



COL. MALLORY



COL. SMITH

THE FACULTY



The Faculty

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Superintendent

COLONEL HUNTER PENDLETON, M. A., Ph. D.
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COLONEL NATHANIEL BEVERLEY TUCKER, B. S., C. E.
Professor of Geology

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Professor of Civil Engineering

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Professor of Engineering, and Drawing



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CAPTAIN MILLER



CAPTAIN ANDERSON



CAPTAIN SNIDOW



CAPTAIN PARKER



CAPTAIN MAYO



CAPTAIN COLONNA



CAPTAIN SHUFELDT



CAPTAIN GAYLE



CAPTAIN PURDIE



CAPTAIN MURRILL

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Sub-Professors

CAPTAIN B. DAVIS MAYO, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics, Drawing and Tactics

CAPTAIN ROBERT C. SNIDOW

Assistant Professor of German

CAPTAIN KENNETH S. PURDIE, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Post Adjutant

CAPTAIN CHARLES G. MILLER, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Electrical Engineering and Tactics

CAPTAIN JAMES A. ANDERSON, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Civil Engineering and Tactics

CAPTAIN LLOYD L. LEECH, B. S.

Assistant Professor of History and Latin and Tactics

CAPTAIN LESTER T. GAYLE, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Chemistry and Mathematics and Tactics

CAPTAIN HUGH A. MURRILL, B. S.

Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Tactics

CAPTAIN B. ALLISON COLONNA, B. S.

Assistant Professor of German and Tactics

CAPTAIN JOHN C. PARKER, B. S.

Assistant Professor of English and German

CAPTAIN FRANK A. SHUFELDT, B. S.

Assistant Professor of English and French



The Towers

Far away two warlike monsters
Loom above a battled wall,
Flooding barracks with their glory
As the evening shadows fall.

Scattered far the golden sunset
Seems to crown the warlike kings,
While the wind from brooding summits,
Lashes barracks with her wings.

From each throne they gaze in silence,
As the clouds move on in flight;
While the sunset turns to purple,
Molding shadows into night.

Now their robes are drenched in silver
By the moonbeams from the sky,
Soon the kings are lost in slumber
With the world, and V. M. I.

A. B. D.



THE INSTITUTE



First Class Private's Lament

For four long years you've stuck by me
I hate to leave you now.
When first I came I couldn't drill
A corporal showed me how.
Then I got you, a greasy gun,
But I was proud of you
And when I had you good and clean
I learned a thing or two.
You weighed between eight pounds and nine
Full well I learned to rue it
For when we drill, upon the hill
We always hasten through it.
At night, dear friend, upon a tour
You've been upon my shoulder,
And as we walked we thanked our stars
That it wasn't any colder.
With me, "old pal," you've been on guard
It was cold and lonely, too,
And as every other "Keydet" slept
I walked my post with you.
Through four long years you've stuck by me
For drill, guard and parade,
For muscle, energy and work
In companionship you've paid.
And now it's time for me to leave
The Institute and you,
As I say good-bye to V. M. I.
Do you wonder I feel blue?

C. M. F., '17



MAIN
BARRACKS

The corner stone of barracks was laid July 4, 1850 (southwest corner of barracks), and the building was completed during the next few years, and dedicated in 1856.



In June, 1896, the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Hall was completed with funds collected by the Stonewall Jackson Memorial Association. In this building are the chapel, the gymnasium, and the engineering school.



JACKSON
MEMORIAL
HALL





The
SMITH
MEMORIAL
BUILDING

Was erected in 1901 to the memory of the first Superintendent, Col. Francis H. Smith, by the Institute, and now comprises the academic hall.

The
ADMINIS-
TRATION
BUILDING

Was erected in 1903 by the Institute. In it are the tailor shop, military store, treasurer's office, quartermaster's office, and the post exchange.

The
MESS HALL



Was destroyed in 1864, re-
stored, again burned in 1904,
and rebuilt on the original foun-
dation in 1905, with an exten-
sive addition and many improve-
ments.



Was erected by the Institute
in 1907. Contains 18,000 vol-
umes. The second floor con-
tains quarters for the Board of
Visitors, and on the third floor
is the Cadet Dialectic Literary
Society Hall.



The
LIBRARY
BUILDING



The
MAURY-BROOKE
SCIENCE
HALL

Built in 1909 and containing the electrical and chemical laboratories. To the memory of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, Professor V. M. I. from 1868 to 1873, and Captain John Mercer Brooke, Professor V. M. I., from 1865 to 1906.

The Superintendent's house was built in 1862. The two other sets of quarters were built between 1850 and 1853, and restored in 1867, after being burned.

PROFESSORS'
QUARTERS



The PARADE GROUND

The western half of the parade ground was developed in 1867, and the northwestern extension of about three acres in 1912.



Original by Jean Antoine Houdon. March, 1856, the General Assembly authorized the Governor to expend the sum of \$10,000 for the purchase of the first bronze replica for the Institute. Unveiled in 1856. In June, 1864, it was transported by General Hunter, who destroyed the Institute, as a trophy of war to Wheeling, W. Va., and returned by order of Secretary of War Stanton, in 1865.

WASHINGTON
STATUE



NEW MARKET MONUMENT

"Virginia Mourning Her Dead"

This monument is the work of
Sir Moses J. Ezekiel, of Rome,
Italy, V. M. I. Class of 1866.
Dedicated June 23, 1903.

JACKSON STATUE

This statue is also the gen-
erous work of Sir Moses J.
Ezekiel. Unveiled and dedi-
cated June 19, 1912.





The BRONZE GUNS

The two large guns by the statue, L'Envie and Le Severe, are 24 pounders and were cast in Duaci, France, in 1673 and 1678, respectively, during the reign of Louis XIV. These great bronze guns weigh 5,500 pounds each, and are eleven feet seven inches long.

Presented to the Cadet Corps in 1850 by President of the United States, Zachary Taylor. Used by the Confederacy during the Civil War. May 10, 1913, the battery was officially retired.

The CADET BATTERY





THE CADET HOSPITAL



MISS MARY FLETCHER, R. N.

THE
NEW INSTITUTE



The Graduating Class

One home, one life for years—and then
Each cherished tie to sever;
It may be, oft to meet again—
It may be, meeting never.
For friends must meet, and friends must part,
And hearts with feeling quiver,
Till pure from earth they find a rest
Unchanging and forever.

Then may we on life's battlefield
Be to our colors loyal;
We know we serve a Sovereign Prince,
And His rewards are royal.
To every roll-call still be true,
Our will to duty bending,
Till the last reveille shall mark
A day that knows no ending.



The New Virginia Military Institute

BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE, ARCHITECT

By EUGENE B. HOWLAND

NOTE.—The following is taken from the *Architectural Record*, part of an article appearing in the September issue.—Editor.



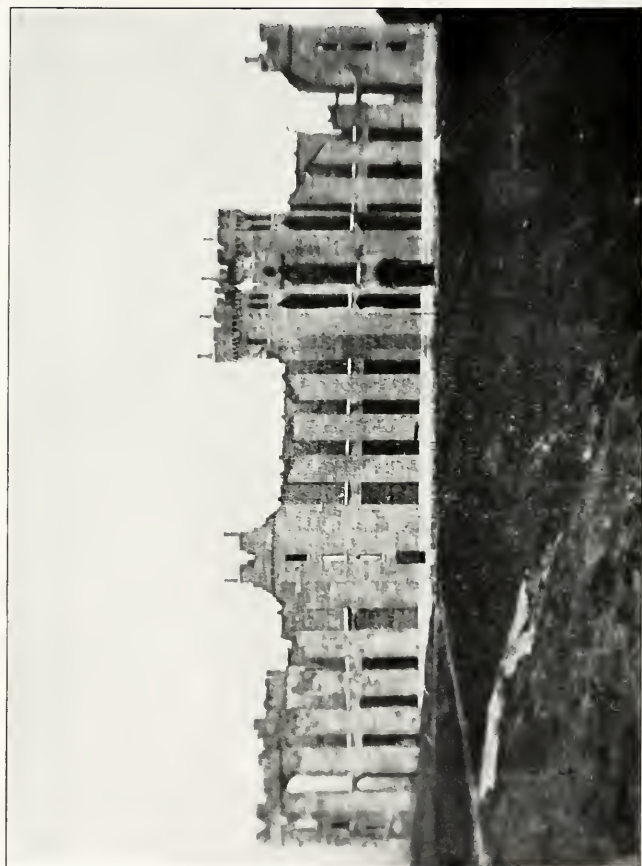
ON a plateau just within the town of Lexington, commanding the entrance to the Shenandoah Valley, stands the Virginia Military Institute—a college accorded a more enthusiastic loyalty and looked up to with more pride than any other institution in the South. Incidentally, it is the oldest State military school in the United States, having been founded in 1839.

The visitor from the North leaves the train at Buena Vista, and is fortunate if his impatience prevents his waiting there three hours for the branch train which would take him to Lexington. The alternative is a drive of nine miles over the Blue Ridge Mountains in the cool of the morning.

About two miles from Lexington a gap in the mountains opens the valley before you and shows, on the opposite slope, the Institute buildings gleaming white amid their trees. The great barracks dominate the group, and very severe and military they look standing out on an eminence as now and again you catch glimpses of them from the winding road. To reach the Institute grounds, after passing through the quaint narrow streets of Lexington, you cross the campus of the Washington and Lee University with its row of impressive Greek buildings, shaded by stately elms. Facing the main hall there stands a small vine-covered chapel of somewhat severe design, and in answer to your question the driver tells, in a voice made soft by reverence, that within its walls is the tomb of Robert E. Lee. There is something in the man's manner which, Northerner though you may be, causes you to uncover your head as your vehicle slowly passes the resting-place of that great man.

A short street, not more than a city block in length, lies between the grounds of the "Washington and Lee" and the two simple brick gateposts, mellow with age, which mark the entrance to the Virginia Military Institute.

A long drive bordered by a double row of maple trees leads to the barracks. On the left is the parade ground, a great open stretch covering the top of the plateau. Surrounding this plateau, like the walls of a huge amphitheater, stand the rugged peaks of the Blue Ridge Mountains. Across the parade is a row of



RUINS OF THE INSTITUTE AFTER HUNTER'S RAID



The New Virginia Military Institute—Continued

officers' houses—quaint buildings in the style of the early Gothic revival, harmonizing with the barracks. They are very charming and livable, especially the Superintendent's house, with its long enfilade of beautiful rooms so suggestive of Southern hospitality.

The barracks building forms the focus of the whole group. Severely plain it looks in the photograph, but actually it has a very real beauty and dignity of its own. Its walls are a warm, grayish salmon, mellowed and softened by age. Tradition says that they were originally gray, following the precedent of the buildings of the United States Military Academy. But, in spite of many efforts to preserve the original tone, the salmon brick of which the building is constructed has always stained it to the present color. At West Point the gray of the native stone buildings fits perfectly into the hill landscape, but in this less rugged setting such walls would be cold.

The four-story barracks is so severe that, had it not been built by a sure hand, it would have been merely a factory—a "barracks" in the ordinary homely sense. Grouping the windows of two stories into a single unit gives the building dignity. Otherwise it is severely plain, with just a battlement at the top. Yet the sally-port, with its flanking towers, is a really noble composition. In front of the barracks is the formation parade ground, where the cadets assemble many times daily to march to the mess hall, drills and parades. Opposite the sally-port stands Houdon's statue of Washington, which General Hunter took during his raid and sent into West Virginia. The bronze has a beautiful patina, the color of very old silver. In the new scheme this statue will remain in its present position, where, at the head of a long flight of steps, it will mark the axis of the new approach. On either side of the statue, along the crest of the hill, for the ground falls away here very abruptly, is a row of fine old English and French cannon cast in bronze, bearing coats of arms and having handles formed of twined serpents. These guns come down from the early French and English wars. They are not Institute trophies, its history dating back only to 1839, but were presented by one of the early Governors of Virginia.

In 1813 the Legislature of Virginia established an arsenal at Lexington. Its object was to protect the valley and to house about thirty thousand stacks of arms. A company of twenty-eight regularly enlisted men were maintained to guard it. Lexington then, as now, was a small, quiet town, and its citizens did not welcome this soldier element.

In 1835 it was suggested that the six thousand dollars a year which it cost the State to maintain the guard be used to pay the expenses of a military school, the cadets of which should guard the arsenal in return for the educational advantages received. This plan was adopted, though the funds available—the six thousand dollars a year—were absurdly small and the buildings were in such poor condition as barely to afford shelter.



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE TODAY



The New Virginia Military Institute—Continued

There is not space to tell the story of the struggles and sacrifice of the first years. Through the heroic efforts of a few men, all obstacles were overcome and the future work of the school made possible.

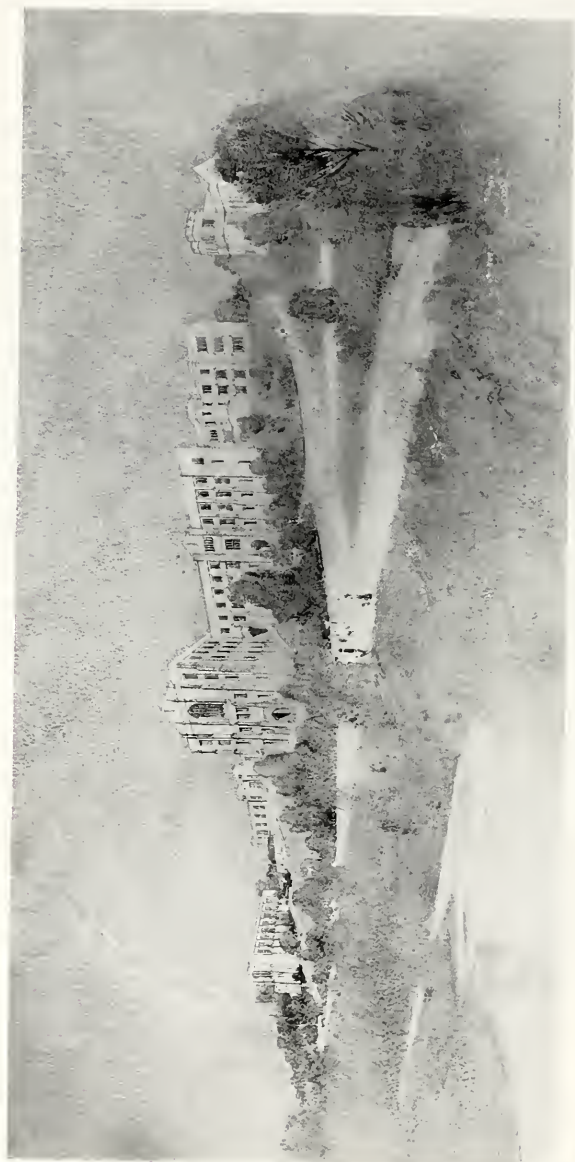
In the struggle to rebuild the Institute—a struggle for actual existence—(after Hunter's raid during the Civil War) the difficulty was always to meet pressing needs, and questions of design and general plans were not too carefully studied. As a result, in several instances, buildings were erected only to be torn down soon after, or that are now waiting to be demolished, after a comparatively short time of service, because they were entirely unsuited to the needs of the growing school.

With the close of its seventy-fifth year a new era of expansion seems about to start. The Board of Visitors, feeling that adequate provision should be made at once for present and future needs, turned to Mr. Bertram G. Goodhue, whose large experience in academic problems, and especially his great work at West Point along similar lines, particularly fitted him, they felt, for the task.

The first requirement was an enlarged parade ground. To gain this end it was necessary to push back the present officers' quarters to the edge of the ravine through which flows Wood's Creek, and to relocate the road leading to them. This readjustment practically doubles the area of the field, though leaving it somewhat irregular in shape.

This portion of the work will be finished before the Institute opens in September. On this newly located road, beyond the Superintendent's house, three new houses for officers are building. These will be in character with the older houses, though somewhat less Victorian.

One of the reasons why, in the past, it was found difficult to place new buildings properly was that the group had no unity—in a word, no general plan. Mr. Goodhue has established a major axis by creating a monumental approach from the main road into Lexington. This approach takes the form of a terraced flight of steps up to the main sally-port of the barracks, terminating at the platform on which stands the statue of Washington. The formation parade in front of the barracks will be widened; and lining this on either side of the stair, forming a great terraced forecourt, will stand, on the right, the large new Academic Building with its departments of mathematics, chemistry and others, and, on the left, the new Jackson Memorial Hall, built to replace the present one, which, in turn, will give way to the new wing of the barracks. This building will contain, on the main floor level, a spacious memorial hall for reunions and great occasions of all kinds, as well as for chapel. In the story below will be a gymnasium, where the dances will be held, the running track serving for a visitors' gallery. Below the gymnasium, in the basement, there will be a swimming pool, baths, and so on.



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE TOMORROW



The New Virginia Military Institute—Continued

Owing to the slope of the ground, each of the levels can be entered from the outside. Beyond each of these there will be later another large building.

On this axis, but across the road, it is proposed to place the Cavalry and Athletic Field, which, as its name suggests, will be used for drill, football, and athletics generally. Into the hillside, at the back, will be banked the seats. In time, too, other buildings may flank this axis on the road. On the same side of the road, and between Jackson Hall and the entrance to the grounds, the alumni are to erect a building for their own accommodation on the occasion of their reunions.

The other axis runs through the barracks at right angles to the first, and in general follows the center of the parade ground. Now it is marked by a rather trivial commemorative gateway, built to connect the present Jackson Memorial Hall with the barracks. This hall is a very unfortunate building, entirely lacking the dignity that a memorial to so great a man should possess. Its rebuilding into a wing of the completed barracks will therefore cause regret to no one. There will still be a Jackson Memorial Hall—the new building opposite the barracks—one much more simple and genuine, one more in sympathy with the heroic dead.

Originally it was intended to complete the barracks in the form of a hollow square. Now that additional quarters are necessary, Mr. Goodhue proposes to do this by carrying out the simple lines of the first scheme. The complete structure with the adjoining power-house will make a very imposing mass rising abruptly from the ravine.

The present commemorative gateway will give place to a great square tower, not high, but strong. This will serve as a focus for the group when seen from the parade ground or from the entrance. Before this will stand the statue of General Jackson, as it does today, flanked by the famous guns of his battery.

Strong emphasis at this point of the plan is important for another reason. It has been proposed to connect the grounds of the Washington and Lee University with those of the Virginia Military Institute by means of a broad boulevard. Should this ever be accomplished, the boulevard will enter the parade ground opposite this gateway.

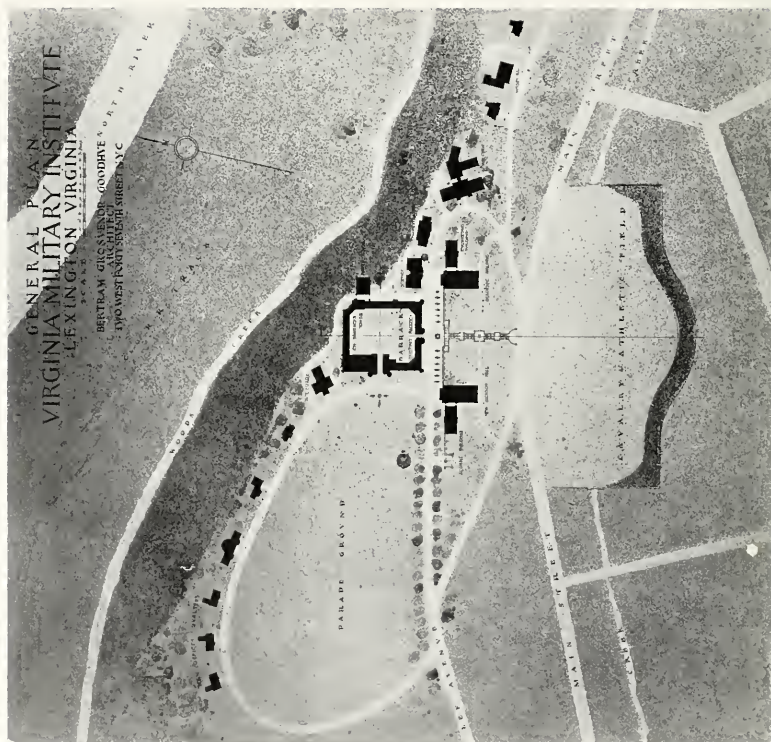
It is pleasant to see any good school broaden its field of usefulness—especially good to see a Southern school developing, for the South has been handicapped in this respect—best of all is it to see a college with the Virginia Military Institute's record of efficient, successful graduates take its rightful place among the great schools of the country; for we need strong men today, perhaps more than ever before in our history.



THE COMPLETED BARRACKS AFTER IMPROVEMENTS



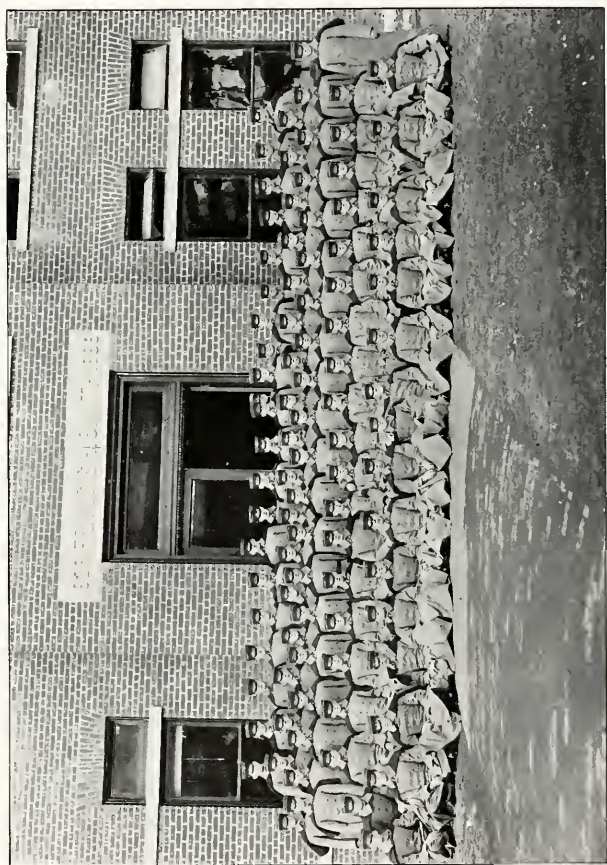
BARRACKS AND POWER HOUSE AFTER IMPROVEMENTS



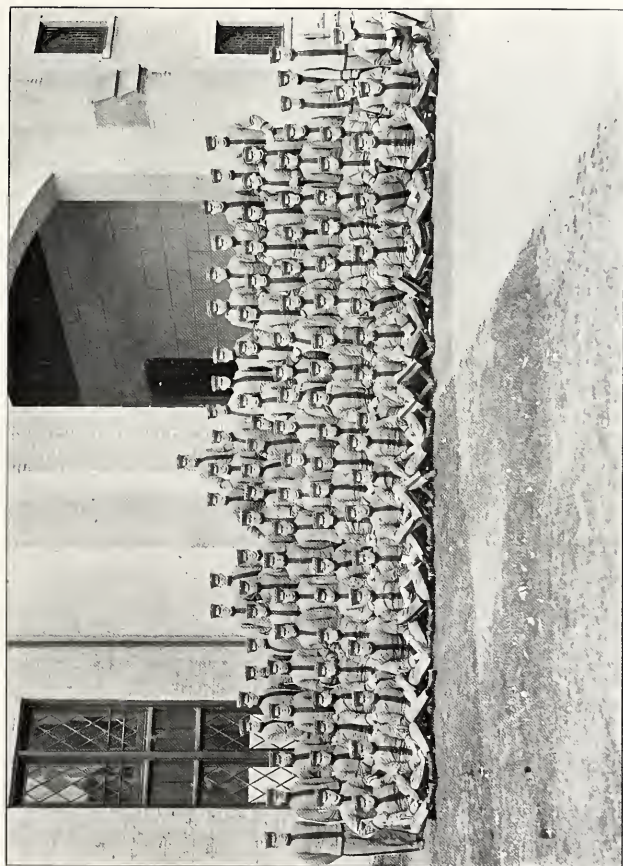
GENERAL PLANS OF IMPROVEMENTS

CLASS OF 1915

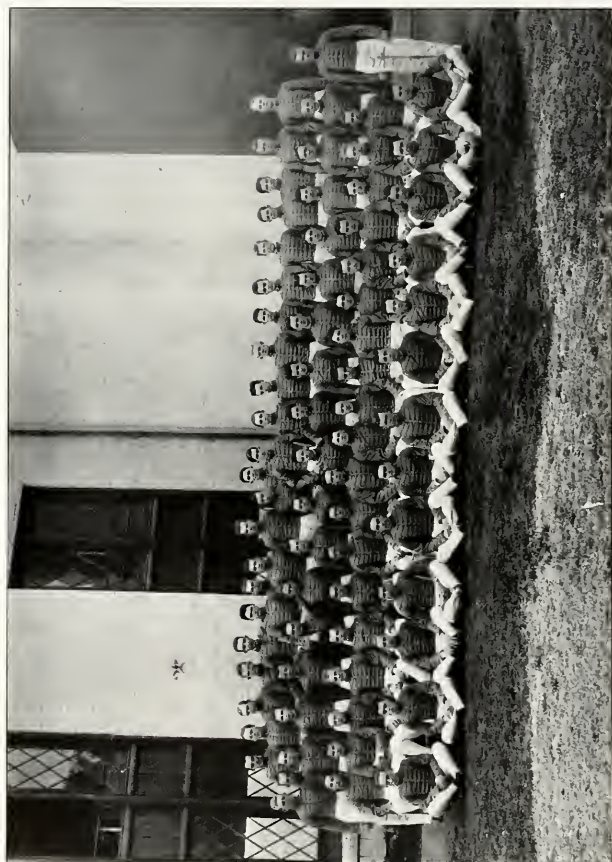




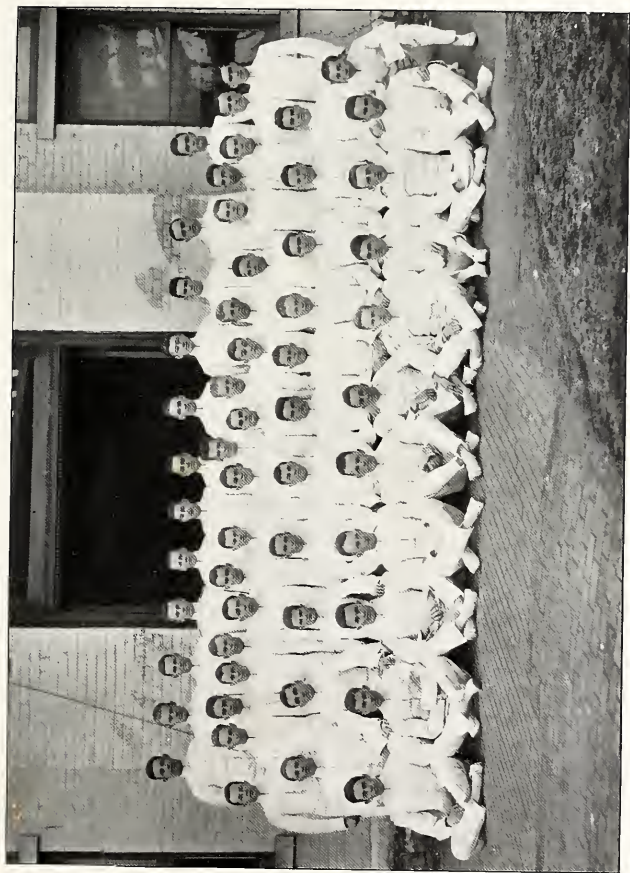
AS FOURTH CLASSMEN



AS THIRD CLASSMEN



AS SECOND CLASSMEN



AS FIRST CLASSMEN

19 BOMB 15



A Toast

Looking backward to the days we have stood amid the mutual wearing of the gray, shoulder to shoulder through four long years of happiness and sadness, we drink to the days of Auld Lang Syne and our making.

Looking forward to the dreary highway of a thousand diverging paths we drink to whatever may await us and by the memory of our alma mater and the spirit of old Fifteen, push on to our ultimate success,—

So, come on, fellows, let's have a drink,
The last upon the Hill;
Fill the lunger to the brink
With the fluid of many a thrill.
For old Fifteen goes out to-day
Upon that lonesome path,
So cursed be he who bids you nay—
To Fifteen, first and last.
Drink.



CLASS OFFICERS



CLAUDE RICHARD CAMMER
President



GORDON WATT
Vice-President



CHARLES HAMILTON CARSON
Historian



JAMES ABNER ALLISON

Draper, Va.

MATRICULATED 1910.

"Pulaski,"

FOURTH CLASS:
Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:
Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS:
Private Co. "B."

FIRST CLASS:
Private Co. "A;" Marshal Final
German.

ONE of the few men, if not the only one, that matriculated and had a blank space left for the place he hails from. He tried to convince General Nichols that there was actually such a place as Draper, bnt, failing to find same on the map after a most diligent search, the General thought it best to leave it blank. "Pulaski" tried the installment plan of obtaining an education, entering in the fall of 1910, and after a few joyous (?) months, during which he proceeded to report all old cadets while on guard, he took the first opportunity of returning to his beloved fireside, which time was coincident with the fever furlough. He returned the next year with the present first class, who were then "newly cadets." "Pulaski" has refrained from the society of the fair sex while here, but when he receives a letter from some foreign town in Southwest Virginia he even broadens his ever-ready smile. We leave him now at the parting of the ways with well-founded faith that his friends in after life will be as frequently made as the ones he leaves at the diverging point of life for the class of 1915.



EDWARD M. ALMOND
Orange, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Ned."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS:

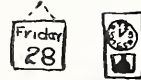
Sergeant Co. "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "F;" Cadet Staff;
Athletic Council; Manager Track
Team; Monogram Club; Marshal
Final German; Cotillion Club Com-
mittee.

"T. M."

SAY, girls, can't he dance? I bet he is almost as good as Mr. Castle." And so it goes when the sweet things get together after the hops. They can't forget him, and we can all see why. But yet he only runs an absent and stays up-stairs to write from two to four for but one girl! All the fellows are scared to have their best up to the hops, for fear he may do them like he did "Jo-Ed" at the opening. Gee! But that library sure does come in handy sometimes. He did not even let her tell the poor boy good-bye. He received three letters in three days once and went wild—has not stopped answering them yet. He always asks her up to the hops first, and then after her regrets come he writes all over the country. People! He knows them all, and knowing is loving with this boy. Several years from now we will see him in the personage of a young, darling, handsome and, above all, a most military Marine Officer. Then he will be in his prime, having sweethearts in every port, and staying there just long enough to keep several of them jealous. Go to it, "Ned," old boy. "Sic 'em."



19 BOMB



THOMAS SEELYE ARMS
Cleveland, Ohio

MATRICULATED 1912.

"C. B."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Class Foot Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

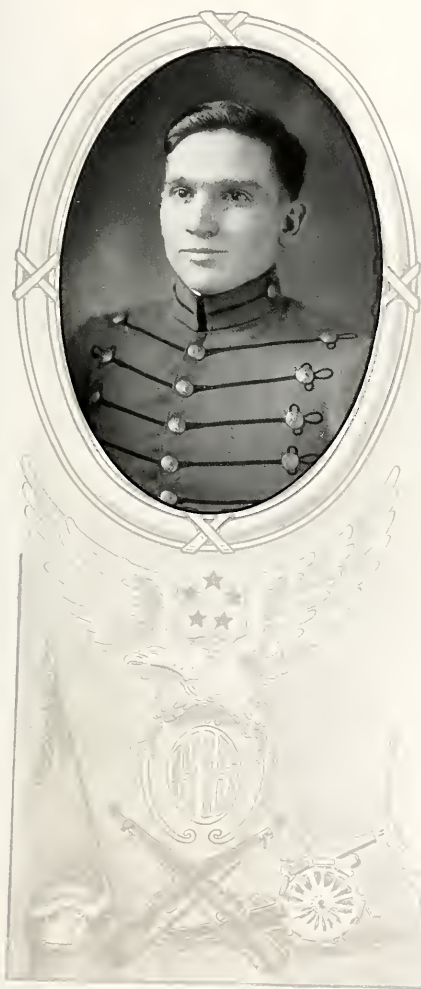
Private Co. "F;" Class Foot Ball;
Class Basket Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Varsity Foot Ball;
Monogram Club; Marshal Final
German.

CB,"—the College Boy. This specimen from "O-Ii-Ho" blew into camp one September morning about three years ago, and from then on the height of his ambition has been to sit down to a meal where his dainty appetite might be appeased, but so far he has never met with success. He studies nothing, but takes Chemistry, and often becomes very much peeved because he has to recite more than once a day. Is fond of his "hay," but would rather worry the "kaiser" about his breach-of-promise suit than be given "rev." He knows not the feel of creases, nor has he ever been seen to worry because one or perhaps both cuffs could not be found. His ambition in studies is that he may absorb enough Chemistry to be able to analyze and decompose the future. However, if he works as hard in the classroom as he did on the football field, we readily predict that he will become a first-stand man.





JAMES M. BAIN

Norfolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Jim."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Scrub Foot Ball.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "D;" Varsity Foot Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

First Sergeant Co. "B;" Varsity Foot Ball; Class Ring Committee; Assistant Leader Final Ball; Vice-President Episcopal Church Club; Hop Committee.

FIRST CLASS:

Captain Co. "E;" Captain Varsity Foot Ball; Assistant Leader Final German; President Episcopal Church Club.

"N."

STEP right up, ladies and gentlemen. Honestly, he won't bite, even if it is red-headed, freckle-faced and bow-legged. This abbreviated specimen of a lump of sea mud was dumped on us in the early days of 1911. Coming from this wind hole by the pond, his fondness for "sea-food" (?) is unlimited. Living by a duck pond is the probable cause for the shape of his lower extremities. At first glance, he reminds you of a toad that has had the academic building dropped on him. Dear readers, his legs would put a barrel hoop to shame. Even "Doc" Henty can crawl through without touching. But he isn't bow-legged. Does he play football? Just ask a V. P. I. man and some others. His opponents, on taking one look at his profile, either start for the wrong goal or ask to be excused. Right at the hops he takes a great fancy to "Hay," even if he is a lady-killer. Has been known to take "Hay" to the hops with him. Gets up every morning mumbling something about "The High Cost of Loving is Bulling Me Out." Gentle reader, be gentle with this specimen as he is thrust upon the unsuspecting world, for he is really not as bad as he could be and is bound to make good.

19 BOMB





RAYMOND M. BATTEN

Smithfield, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Hard Boy."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Basket Ball Squad.

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Varsity Basket Ball; Monogram Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Varsity Basket Ball; Monogram Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Captain Basket Ball; Monogram Club; Athletic Council; Class Foot Ball; Marshal Final German.

CHERE drifted into barracks some four years ago a tall, cotton-topped individual bearing the trade mark of a well-known ham. We say drifted, for it left to his own power of locomotion, "Hard" would never have reached the Valley of the Nile, there to acquire the title of "Laziest Man in the World." "I ain't lazy, just always tired." The "sweaters" of Piedmonts stand at attention when Batten goes by. This seems strange when one hears him swear off smoking every Monday. A member of the 1914 Summer School bunch, he has never ceased talking of Rockbridge Alum and the country villa in Beaumont, Tex., acquired while supposedly studying mechanics. Every time the lights in barracks blink he delivers a lecture to the occupants of No. 61 on the three-wire system, but only causes his roommates to remark, "Oh, dry up, Batten. You couldn't ring an electric bell."



19 BOMB 15

WILLIAM EDWARD BAUGHAM

Washington, N. C.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Billy."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Class Foot Ball;
Glee Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final German; Bomb Staff.

"T."

BEHOLD! the Tar Heel, but recently a Freshie at the University of North Carolina when he alighted here in the full bloom of his young manhood. "From Washington, North Carolina, Sir. Expecting to enter not lower than a first classman." He eventually reported as a third-class rat, doing so only in order to have more time to devote toward making his letters. Though not successful in this, he has been a strong man on the scrubs and a shining light in class foot ball. Owing to his nickname, Busshead (if you choose to accept this explanation), he does not have to let studies worry him much, but he is very partial to Scottish history, and has fallen a victim to the charms of a "Bruce." When hops come along he says studies be hanged, and sets out upon a conquest of the fair sex. With a calic on each arm he appears to rival in importance the Little Corporal of France. But my! When the girls are gone how the dictionary does catch it supplying those wonderful words which weave a web for the hearts of the departed ones. "Billy" intends to farm down in North Carolina and represent his neighbors in some high office of State.





OSCAR HILL BEASLEY

East Falls Church, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Box-Car."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "E;" Varsity Foot Ball; Scrub Basket Ball; Class Basket Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "C;" Varsity Foot Ball; Captain Class Basket Ball; Scrub Basket Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Varsity Foot Ball; Marshal Final German.

"N."

SUCH a large man should surely be a person of large capacity, and so he is. This statement can be proved by any number of people, such as waiters in mess hall, opponents in foot ball and operators of "Piedmont" factories. By some unknown means he found himself a corporal in his third class year, and succeeded in obtaining a high rank as a sergeant the next year. It is a sad, sad story, though, how several of our worthy officers took a flying tackle to the bottom, due to class stand—some made a successful dive, but others who were less fortunate missed their goal and kept on. "Box," hailing from an uncivilized land, thought the best way possible to become enlightened was to take Civil Engineering. He therefore pledged himself to keep and obey the sacred commandments of "Tommie"—first, work thirty-six hours out of every twenty-four, and second, no hay on any afternoon and 11,30 lights every night. No matter in what path of life his walk may be, his success is assured if he but follows his present code of straightforwardness and high sense of honor. A man of true blue!

19 BOMB





FRANCIS BELL, JR.
Dublin, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Percy."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Class Basket Ball;
Marshal Final German.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Class Basket Ball;
Bomb Staff; Marshal Final German.

ON a bright and sunny day in September the champion agriculturist and cattle-raiser of Southwest Virginia first set foot on the historic grounds of the Virginia Military Institute. "Percy," saturated with knowledge acquired at the celebrated Dublin Institute, entertained hopes of entering the third class, but after interviewing "Auld Nick" he finally condescended to become a full-fledged rat. In the third class by dint of hard labor, he achieved the high rank of corporal, and henceforth considered himself to be a member of that most select set which generally overestimates their importance. Of his love affairs little is known, but he has frequently been caught at unsuspected intervals writing to his best, who is incognito, because he always mails this letter personally. "Percy" contemplates entering into the agricultural and grazing industry, in order to assist in reducing the high cost of living, and we admire him for same. We are sure of his success, and in bidding him farewell we are assured he will be one of 1915's mainstays. Au revoir, "Percy."





BENJAMIN BOWERING

Fredericksburg, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Bennie."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "F;" Basket Ball Squad; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "B;" Basket Ball Squad; Marshal Final German.



ADIES AND GENTLEMEN, we wish to present this noble disciple of Socrates. This learned high-brow first saw the dawn of day in the deserted hamlet of Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock. Having absorbed all the knowledge of that great metropolis, he wisely decided to cast his lot with that of Fifteen, and soon proved his worth as a scholar. In addition to his scholastic attainments, he has invented a gun, and is also a musician of note, being heard at all hours of the night playing the flute, while strains of "When You and I Were Young, Maggie," float out upon the midnight air, and Krouse. He was heralded as a great baseball pitcher, but not gaining success in this position, he has now developed into a football pitcher of great ability. Now, "Bennie," good-bye, and may your future path in life be as successful as the one you have tread in school.



19 BOMB 15



RICHARD SIMON BOYKIN
Suffolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Ancient."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Episcopal Church
Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Episcopal Church
Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Episcopal Church
Club; Marshal Final German.

THE nickname of this youth saves us time, space and thought in describing his most eminent characteristics. This name was bestowed upon him from the first, as is easily seen from his portrait that it is the most appropriate that can possibly be found. The lines of age shown in his features are due to his constant grinding on his studies. But it is often thought that they are due to worrying over his numerous love affairs, and it certainly looks as though there is a good deal of truth in it, judging by the many calic he had up to the hops. Here may be said something of his noted dancing. The name bestowed upon him by the calic leads one to believe that the Castles are not in it in regard to his gracefulness and numerous steps. But that is not the only thing for which he is famous: mapping is also a strong point. He has shown in every way by his past work that he will some day be a great engineer, and as for bridging the Atlantic or tunneling the Rockies—well, that will only be a minor specimen of his ability. Good luck, "Ancient," old scout.



1912 BOMB

GEORGE RAYMOND BROOKS

Fairmont, W. Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"George."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Hop Committee.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Hop Committee;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Chairman Hop
Committee; Marshal Final German.

"N."



WHEN in the course of human events it becomes necessary to describe the animal pictured above, we find the limited space allowed will permit nothing but the high spots in the record. It came from the coal fields of West Virginia with several trunks, handbags and suit cases, but it has been discovered that they were all empty, for outside of Nature's garb he owns no other wearing material. George conceived the idea of the necessity of having a drummer boy for the battalion, and immediately took lessons on that "musical" instrument. The only good that came of it was his being relieved from guard duty, thereby entrusting the lives of three hundred cadets in more competent hands. He sure can dance, and has won many hearts by the art. The students at one of the nearby female schools say that one of the calic does nothing but gaze at the moon nights and murmurs "George" since she came up to the hops. He graced Summer School last summer, and then spent his time at the "Alleghaney" chaperoning Clifford and Ike and showing the calic a good time on the side (veranda). Whether as a bloated bond holder or as a convict, he is sure to be a success, for he can adapt himself to any and all circumstances.



19 BOMB



CLAUDE RICHARD CAMMER

Mt. Williams, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Cladius."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Scrub Foot Ball;
Class Foot Ball; Vice-President
Class.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "B;" Varsity Foot
Ball; Monogram Club.

SECOND CLASS:

First Sergeant Co. "F;" Varsity
Foot Ball; President of Class; Vice-
President Athletic Council; Mar-
shal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Captain Co. "A;" Varsity Foot Ball;
President of Class; President Ath-
letic Council; President Monogram
Club; Cadet Staff; Marshal Final
German.

IT has often been proven that four years can make wonderful improvements when spent in this place, and the saying has not failed in this case. He just "happened" here on a "September Morn," but in better circumstances than the celebrated original. But, laboring under the disadvantages of never before having been placed in a metropolis like Lexington, he started in from the bottom and proceeded to make good. If one would go to the depth of things to find out just why he has made such a phenomenal success, he would be almost sure to lay it at the foot of some fair dame. There are two things he leaves before going on the gridiron, however, the one a necessity and the other a self-evident fact—the former his teeth, and the latter his feelings. Loved by all for his disposition and straightforward character, we predict that his success in after life will be as meteoric as it has been here.





ALEXANDER GOOLD CAMPBELL

Richmond, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Sheep."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "F;" Class Basket Ball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "F;" Episcopal Church Club (4, 3, 2, 1); Marshal Final German.

"T. M."



HERE are three things he wants most—brains, a beard and—well, she lives far, far away. He owns barracks for twenty-four hours every time he goes on "O. D." and anyone that cares to see his name in print has only to read the delinquencies the following day. He started as a society bud during his second class year—and the hops have never been the same since. He attends them all, and were he to miss one, it would be the same as doubling the floor space in the gymnasium—he obstructs traffic in one half entirely. Beware, ladies; do not make him smile, for the noise is terrific, and extras sometimes have to be thrown on to preserve order. He, like the rest of No. 62, has served a term at the resort over the mountain known as the Alum. But the less said on this subject, the better for all, for, besides studying (?), he indulged in other forms of amusement, such, for instance, as running a race after taps with a professor. When not studying he is found with his ear close to the "Vic." while that instrument grinds out a familiar Irish song—"Has Anybody Here Seen Kelly." The engineering profession will be lucky if Alex. decides to follow some other vocation in life, for brains he has nix.





CHARLES HAMILTON CARSON

Abingdon, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Kit."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Presbyterian Church Club.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "C;" Class Historian; Glee Club; Track Team; Dramatic Club; 1915 Representative of "Cadet;" Class Basket Ball; Presbyterian Church Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "A;" Glee Club; Class Historian; Track Team; Vice-President Presbyterian Church Club; Assistant Editor "Cadet;" Assistant Manager Varsity Foot Ball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "D;" Class Historian; "Cadet" Staff; Manager Foot Ball Team; Post Exchange Council; Athletic Council; Monogram Club; Editor-in-Chief "The Bomb;" Marshal Final German.

"N."

WHAT it takes to sit down about three or four minutes before any formation and write a Class History, five or six business letters, several articles for THE BOMB and study (?) sixty-nine pages of "Tim or Chappology," he's got it. In other words, behold the only double-brained, six-armed, triple-tongue, thirty-fingered — — — known to science. Nor is making football schedules, editing Bombs, writing Class Histories, etc., his only occupations. He finds time on all occasions to skin "rats," write to Springfield, Ill., impersonate a brass band and occasionally has been seen, so a few men say, to wander aimlessly across the court yard with a towel under his arm. As a "rat" he was meek as Moses, but as a third classman he was a holy terror. It was during this year that his ability as a dumper of interference (learned in his one and only foot ball practice) was utilized to such advantage in East Lexington. He found last year that society and V. M. L. sadly conflicted. His one week as a bean Brummel ended in his "running excess," bulging on four, and nearly losing his office. May be seen now, however, at all the hops, but as doorkeeper. Often wonders who painted the statue. Says he would rather be a cab driver in Springfield, Ill., than editor of the "Abingdon Daily Disgust."

19 BOM

CLIFFORD C. CLARKSON

Chicago, Ill.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Babe."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "F;" Class Basket Ball;
Hop Committee.

SECOND CLASS:

Battalion Sergeant-Major; Leader
Final Ball; Class Basket Ball; As-
sistant Manager Track Team.

FIRST CLASS:

Cadet Adjutant; President Cotillion
Club; Basket Ball Squad; Bomb
Staff; Leader Final German.

"N."

ON with the dance; let ragging be un-
confined." Such is the holy creed of
the above. Having the agility of Pav-
lowa, the form of Venus and the en-
durance of Mrs. Katzenjammer, he
dances the entire way from the Grecian form
of old through the "Trot," "Hug" and "Kitchen
Sink" to the Salome style of the three-quarter
veil. For the three years past Madame Clif-
fordski and her Sommer (sommer here and
sommer at "Alleghaney") School of Classical
Dancers have sojourned at the Alum. In re-
ceiving the "watery epistles" he is the cham-
pion; in breaking the hearts of damsels he is
the limit (single or otherwise). But he hates
Target Practice in the Alum guests, and in the
horrid awakening of direct realization he is
the "Jonah." His favorite diversion at the
"Dansant" of dancing with a charming calic,
superintending the erection of an orchestra
stand, playing the detective to locate the where-
fore and abouts of "Homitz," and at the same
time blowing a whistle for a break and slicing
bread for sandwiches is an oft-repeated one.

Here's when you dance the "Fox Trot,"

Here's when it's proper and nice;

Here's for a partner of \$\$\$ bills

The rest of your way through life.



COLEMAN B. CONWAY, JR.

Moss Neck, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Buck."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Company Rifle Team.

THIRD CLASS:


Corporal Co. "D;" Company Rifle Team.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "D;" Marshal Final German.

 HIS Laird of Moss Neck, known as Dumbdikes, was thrust among us in September as usual. His rat year may be fully analyzed by stating his sound-off, which was: "My name is Conway B.; I am as dumb as —, you see." Now, here begins the interesting story of our Laird, all other things being preliminary. Reading of the deeds of Brickley and Coy, he saw no reason why someone should not read of his athletic accomplishments. Dolling all up in his foot ball duds, with pads enough for "Doc" Henty, he started forward to win glory on the field of honor. One pad he had omitted, alas—a nose protector. The signal was called, "Tackles Back." One play had been 'nuff sed for our hero. Following a trail of blood to No. 40-B, he was found in the hay with a plastered nose. Once more our Conway has developed into a most dangerous love buccaneer, traveling the high seas of Bliss in a boat of Apparent Matrimony. While not over-studying, he gets the proverbial max often enough to put him in the proficiency list. So, Buck, in leaving we wish you all the happiness which your constant efforts must surely win for you.



RICHARD COX COUPLAND

Norfolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Dick."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "E.;" Chairman Ring Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F.;" Manager Gym Team; Athletic Council; Cadet Staff; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."



ONLY a look is necessary to convince one that he is from Norfolk, as his countenance does not differ from that characteristic which is so prominent among all representatives we have seen. Having attended what he calls "the best high school in the State," he thought his knowledge sufficient to thrust himself upon us, and he has not failed in his expectations, for he is high among the "high brows." From all indications it was ever his desire to rank himself among those who wear gold on their arms. He was once known as the "Dashing Young Sergeant," but the fair sex, with whom he is a perfect demon, much prefer that of "Dashing Dick." Though he has not shown himself to the world as a rival of Caruso, he practices daily and hopes to excel him in the near future. "Dick" expects to pursue the principles of electricity he has learned, and we feel sure he will disprove some of the now existing theories by his gift of argument and thus acquire the distinguished title of "The Dashing Electrician."



19 - BOMBER

MASON L. WEEMS CRAIG

Columbia, Texas

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Bugs."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Episcopal Church Club.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "B;" Episcopal Church Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "C;" Episcopal Church Club; Class Foot Ball; Marshal Final German.



At the advent of wild-eyed Michael Lavinski Winberly Craighnheimer to V. M. I. with two six shooters prominently displayed caused the upper classmen to shake in their boots (?). He arrived fresh from his ranch in the wilds of Texas with marvelous tales of love and adventure to gain knowledge from the learned Virginians. And now, with the aid of his trusted adding machine and in an infallible slide rule, he has gathered most of the wisdom in sight, and is prepared to return to lawless Texas and astonish the natives. One of his first acquisitions after reaching the civilized state of third classman was "Bull Corp." While holding this proud office he made a most daring escape from would-be captors by his marvelous bravery. In fact, we are forced to admit his only weakness is a crawling insect. He has also become prominent in the public eye through his untiring efforts in the organization of the Texas Club. Arguing is one of his pet diversions, and on every occasion he wins the "dog." With all his accomplishments, it is to wonder that he has made good with all his comrades, and his success in life is assured.



JAMES EDWARD DAVIS

Lynchburg, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Jo Ed."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "A;" Hop Committee.

SECOND CLASS:

First Sergeant Co. "D;" Hop Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Captain Co. "D;" President Cotillion Club; Leader Final German; Bomb Staff.

"N."



THAT very old saying, "Love is Blind," was well illustrated in the case of this individual. For three long and weary years (to his roommates) the window had been opened nightly for "Jo-Ed" to climb aboard the departing boat about three minutes after call to quarters each night. But one night, alas! in his mad flight for pleasure, love or necessity, we know not, he ran full in the face of the limit gate with his own. Thereafter his was adorned with courting plaster, while that of the gate was marred beyond repair. In dancing and general love-making he has no limit, save, perhaps, that dashing individual who pulled off the "Library Stunt" on him during one of the recent hops. In eating "Piedmonts" he is beyond an equal, while his experiences in dear old Lynchburg and the city of Richmond would fill any book of mammoth size. All in all, "Jo-Ed" is a charter member of the order of "Ye Knights of the Dark Corner" and originator of the "Co-Ed" Davis Paragoric School for Skirts." May his dance in life be as free and unconfined as are his hops at the Institute.



19

BOMB



WILLIAM LAUDON DAVIS

Whittle's Depot, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Nigger."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Class Foot Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Cheer Leader;
Marshal Final German.

DID you ever hear of Whittle's Depot? It doesn't make an particular difference, but our "Nigger" is from that vicinity. After conquering such militant school "Marms" and prodigious "props" that infested Danville, where our hero gained his early education, he came to be one of us. Whether his object was to conquer or be conquered, it matters little. Shevrons have never disgraced his sleeves, nor has his name been recorded among the Distinguished, but one can judge his common sense by observing the above profile. "Nigger" is a plodding disciple of Tommy's, and often in his sleep he will burst out like this: "Romeo, can you satisfy that d—— Criterion?" Gentle reader (a Criterion is a thing that Colonel Jones talks so much about), his highest ambition is to make a million dollars, but whether this is by building bridges or passing rubber nickels he does not state. Delighting in the story-telling art, he entertains 39-B nightly by such topics as "When I Went to School in Danville," "When I Was a Rat," "Down Home," and "While I Was in Lynchburg," etc. There seems to be no end to his experiences. It is his parting wish here to have it stated that if he sees you no more here he will have an old yell for you when he greets you hereafter.

"Walk right in to the firey screen,
You, the first from Old Fifteen."





FRANK ECHOLS

Glasgow, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Earnie."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "E." Episcopal Church
Club; Marshal Final German.

THIS is claimed by two large cities, both being, however, the same, Balcony Falls and Glasgow. Glasgow claims he is from Balcony Falls and Balcony Falls claims he is from Glasgow. One of the few who have suffered from an acute case of hookworm and thrived thereon. So far as we know, the only strenuous exercise "Earnie" has indulged in is hitting the hay, taking dancing lessons and taking drill. One of Tommy's proteges and hopes in a few years to be able to act as rodman or mule driver in a coal bank. Looks forward to being known as a Coal King, but this is no excuse whatever for the many lectures he gives on this topic. Although one of the many that labor over Tommy's bridge designs, it is only a stepping-stone to mining engineering. So when the vast coal mines of China are opened, you can expect to see our little "Earnie" wearing a queue.





ROBERT WELLFORD ELLYSON

Richmond, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Snipe."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Marshal Final German.

THIS "cast off clothes line" or living image of "Ichabod" breezed through the arch one doleful morning after having wandered away from the metropolis of Richmond while in search of a place to put his weary bones. While in the "rat" class he was one of Alpha's bright stars, especially in Geometry, from which he learned that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, the course which he has pursued ever since. As to his "Keydet" life since, it has just been one mad whirl of gaiety. "Snipe" is a society man from the beginning of his beautiful flaxen locks to the tips of his tiny toes, and a ten-second one at that; but in reality he doesn't know much about the lone pirate game. He was informed of this fact by some fair damsel of his own home town. His athletic ability has been encouraged daily by his rough and turbulent roommates, "Apple" and "Arms." "Snipe" is contemplating entering the Western Electric Co. after graduation and showing them how to make switches for street-car tracks that may save many a tired motorman from unnecessary labor.



19 BOMB



CHARLES ANTONIO ETHERIDGE

Norfolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Speed."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Track Team;
Episcopal Church Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final German.

"T."

THE nickname given to this innocent-looking youth was given years ago, and, owing to it having lasted such a time, is used above. But the most appropriate and recent one bestowed upon him leads one to think of the most desired thing of this century. No, we won't mention it here. "Speed." And this lad has such a velocity that if it could be transferred into energy the world would revolve in twelve hours. Oh, yes; he is some track man and a star end on the class team, but that is not the reason for this name. It is true that "Speed" does not haunt the hops, as he has no desire to trip the light fantastic toe, but this year, judging by his daily appearance at dancing class, he will soon be the King of the Crawlers. But let not the above lead you to believe that "Speed" has not been a ladies' man. He is known as being a noted heart-smasher, having gained this reputation at Ocean View the past summer. He will honor Virginia next year to study law, and then impose himself upon the good nature of this home hamlet.



ROBERT FOSTER GARING

Lexington, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Lady."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "A;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final German.



OOOOOO! Just look what's from Lexington! No, girls, this isn't Venus in disguise, even though his name is "Lady." It is said that when he first made his appearance in the arch he saluted and asked the "O. D." very meekly, "Sir, can you tell me where I can get a mirror for my room?" And much to his sorrow and consternation, he was led to the "Q. M.'s," where he was dolled up in a keydet cap, which he swears mars his beauty. However, he was very glad to learn that he could have a mirror in his room. When not putting this article to a good use, he is usually wrapped in the arms of Morpheus. He is also a great letter-writer, being able to write as many as two twenty-page letters a week, containing nothing but the news of the barracks. (That's what he says.) Every day at 11 o'clock he can be seen haunting the "O. D.'s" office, patiently waiting for a letter from the Far South. Regardless of his love for the hay and writing letters, this quiet lad finds ample time to devote to his Electricity, and it is confidently expected that some day he will illuminate the world, or at least the State of Louisiana, with his inventions. Behold! A second Edison appears in the limelight!



19 BOMB 15



RAPHAEL GRIFFIN
Fredericksburg, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Raphael."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Marshal Final German.



HIS gross specimen of humanity hit these parts in the fall of 1912, and, unfortunately—for us, anyway—has been able to stick with us ever since. He came by the third class route, so it is not our fault that he is here. He never tires of relating the many advantages possessed by Fredericksburg over all other places, and to hear him talk, you would think that the city was the center of the universe. His favorite occupation is writing to Richmond, and when in that city always retires to a pretty "Bower," where he spends his evenings in ecstasy. His chief ambition after leaving here is to become chief of the Street Cleaning Department of his native burg. He is a familiar sight seen crossing the court yard with a transit over his shoulder, a leveling rod in one hand, while in the other a hand axe, on his way to the engineering hall. As a "rat" he was shy of the fair sex, but lately has joined the ranks of the Love Pirates. He gets on an average of three letters a day and a box of candy a week. He intends to follow Civil after graduation, and we predict success for him in any course in life he decides to follow.



19 BOMB 17



JOSEPH ADDISON HAGAN

Richmond, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Addi."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "D;" Class Foot Ball;
Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "D;" Assistant Manager Base Ball; Class Foot Ball;
Class Base Ball (Captain).

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Manager Varsity Base Ball; Class Base Ball; Class Foot Ball; Athletic Council; Monogram Club; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."



HAILED by the "Lexington Last Ledger" as one without a peer. So don't cut this out, girls; instead, write to the above yearly and a real newspaper picture will be sent you free of charge.

But don't think that football is his only diversion. He is a passer of no mean ability, and plays tiddle-de-winks and solitaire fearlessly. Likes better than anything else to wander up toward the cemetery Saturday and Sunday nights, chaperoned (?) by one his roommates. First came into prominence as a "rat" when with Billy he ran madly up and down the stoop leading in Fifteen's first "nightie" parade. Has a beautiful collection of foreign stamps, received on letters during his second class year. The fact is, often in his sleep he discusses Naples, London, Paris and Old Vincennes and other European points with astonishing ease and familiarity. It is probably for this reason that everyone thinks that he once had a "Small" affair. He is one of "Monk's" disciples, and in this capacity he is a wonder. He can use an electric iron, ring electric bells and turn on electric lights. The best we can wish for "Addi" is that the friends that he will later make will be as numerous as the ones he leaves.



19 BOM



WILLIAM CAMPBELL HAGAN

Richmond, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Billy."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Marshal Final German.

"T. M."



TOP! LOOK! LISTEN! Love Pirate Crossing Here! And if he is nowhere in sight, do not cross slowly, for in love-making he is the Prince. On any night of the hops he may be found seated under the guard tree with one of the calic, pointing out to her the wonders of the parade ground and the romance of the Guard Tree. This young "scamp" became famous in his third class year as "Madam Rouclette." He, with his two Oklahoma pals, contemplated setting up in V. M. I. an establishment that would run Monte Carlo off the map. Although among us for four years, he is still a mystery. Why does he as a first classman practice Butts Manual before retiring? Why does he nightly fall out from supper and when next found is in either a depressed or hilarious mood? These questions are yet to be solved, but the increase in the Institute phone bill is well understood. "Billy" is selfish in only one respect—he absolutely refuses to impart to his brother his secrets in love-making. He says "It's just natural." We predict for this young man a brilliant (electric lights are always brilliant) future in his chosen profession.



JOHN FRANKLIN HEPNER

Strasburg, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Rosebud."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Class Foot Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Military Secretary; President Y. M. C. A.; Class Foot Ball; Parliamentary Cadet Dialectic Society; Marshal Final German.



HIS little "Rosebud" came to us in 1912 and began his career at the Institute as a third class "rat." He had already spent one year in Lexington, and perhaps this is the reason why he is so well acquainted with the Lexington "calic." Seldom is there a Sunday night that he does not wander up town, and when asked where he is going, his only answer is "Oh, up to see some friends." In his second class year he decided to cast his lot with the "Liberal Artists," and there he made even "Benny" hustle for his class stand. It is whispered that he nearly succeeded in getting a sergeant, but decided he could prosper better on studies than by "running." But he was so "slippery" that they gave him "Military Secretary" to preserve the honor of the battalion. "Rosebud" will impart knowledge, and we are assured that he will grace whatever institution succeeds in obtaining his services.



19

BOMB



WALTER LYMAN HITT

Culpeper, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Monk."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Gym. Team.

SECOND CLASS:

First Sergeant Co. "C;" Gym. Team;
Assistant Manager Basket Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Captain Co. "C;" Captain Gym.
Team; Athletic Council; Monogram
Club; Manager Basket Ball; Mar-
shal Final German.

"T. M."

OH! Mr. Keeper! We want to see the big monkey!" "Right here; he is in the cage." It might go on like this, but he really is not a monkey; he only resembles one. Some say he looks so much like a monk that it is hard to tell them apart, especially the monkey. Of course, there is a "certain little girl" who does not see the likeness, and the precious blue letter came every day until real winter set in, and then the stage stopped running. Then five days was considered frequent. But later, when the regular routine started (sometime during the spring), you should have seen that "Monkey Shine," for it was a one-every-day occurrence once more. In the gymnasium he is some "pumpkins," pulling off all the clever stuff—stands on his left ear and wiggles his tail, and vice versa. He is one of the kind that gets a "max" without studying for it. Let us hope that things may come as easy for him in after life as they do here.



A. ROBERDEAU HOLDERBY
 Richmond, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Deau."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Class Foot Ball;
 Class Basket Ball; Class Base Ball.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "B;" Class Foot Ball;
 Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "E;" Hop Committee;
 Class Base Ball; Marshal Final
 Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "A;" Hop Commit-
 tee; Varsity Foot Ball; Monogram
 Club; Marshal Final German.

"N."



TOP! LOOK! And hold your breath! What is this? It approaches with the noise of Sousa's Band and the walk of Napoleon. No, ladies and gentlemen, this is not what it seems to be; it is our dearly-beloved "Do." Is he a Love Pirate? You just should see him after the hops, and after the hops he always has some poor damsel's heart; but he has one mainstay. His hope and ambition is to become a partner in a "Cole" firm. We will now show him in another light. Is he an athlete? Certainly! He participates in all class athletics, and in his first class year made the Varsity Football. Now, what do you suppose he did with his monogram? Invested it, of course, in the "Cole" firm. Now, with his cadet days over and with a large share in the "Cole" company, we are sure he is well fitted for his battle with Life. With a warm spot in our hearts we send him out in life with success as his goal, and we all know that with his charming personality it will only be a short time before he achieves his ends. So here's to you, "Deau"!



CHARLES THOMAS HOLTZMAN

Luray, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Tom."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Scrub Base Ball;
Class Base Ball.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "E;" Company Rifle
Team; Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "C;" Class Base Ball;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Class Base Ball;
Bomb Staff; Marshal Final German.



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, notice the angelic smile! No, the protrusions on each side of the head are not sails; they are EARS, and he has often returned from town with one of these members bruised or bleeding from having ventured too near a corner or lamppost, and his highest ambition is to wiggle them as other animals of his type. When a "new cadet," Tom started his career as a "Bellboy," but later on took up dancing, the "Locke-Step" being his favorite. And imagine our surprise when returning as a first classman he announced that he had gone into the Glove(r) business in Front Royal. Since he became an inhabitant of "The Castle on the Nile" he has been noticed on several occasions to stroll across the court yard with a towel across his arm, like he was proud of it. For what we do not know, but we do know that it always happens out of bathing hours, and Tom was never known to break the regulations. But, seriously, we are sure Tom will make a success in anything he undertakes in after life, so good luck, old man.



19 BOMB

WILLIAM HENRY HUMPHREYS

Clifton Forge, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Sadie."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Class Base Ball.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "A;" Presbyterian Church Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "F;" Presbyterian Church Club; Vice-President Y. M. C. A.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Post Exchange Council; Class Foot Ball; Cadet Staff; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Marshal Final German.

VERILY, when shall we have such another! This golden-haired beauty from the wilds of Clifton Forge was thrust upon us in his youth, tender and inexperienced in the ways of the world, to be molded into the highest type of manhood. "Sadie" has high ambitions in a military way, and immediately got deck on first captain. But afterwards he had his fall, as Napoleon had his. This time it was not a Wellington, nor even a Blucher, but one fully as powerful when it came to the making of officers. At first, he tried to reform the spiritual life of the corps and became vice-president of the Y. M. C. A. But on a certain trip he fell and has been falling along the downward path since. Time only can prove whether the purpose for which this youth came here has been accomplished, but we firmly believe that when there is another Panama Canal to be built Uncle Sam will not have to look further, or in event of war with Mexico he will not lack the man to command his forces.



19 BOMB 15



CLAUDE DOUGLAS JOHNS, JR.

Austin, Texas

MATRICULATED 1912.

"C. D."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Gym. Team.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "B;" Class Foot Ball;
Gym. Team; Cadet Dialectic Society.

FIRST CLASS:

Batalion Quartermaster; Business
Manager The Bomb; President
Cadet Dial. Society; Episcopal
Church Club; Class Foot Ball; Gym.
Team; Marshal Final German.

ON first seeing this object we were undecided as to whether he most resembled a gopher or a long-horned steer. Needless to state, he is from that land of cattle and catastrophes—Texas. It was as a disciple of "Tim" and "Chappie" that "C. D." first came into great prominence. His views on the current topics rivaled those of the foremost brains. He exposes a certain mania for war, and is constantly revealing the doctrines of Bernhardt, Clauswitz and Treitschke to whoever will lend a willing ear. He has been known to herd "rats" into the room to listen to him. On Sunday morning he is heard walking in a characteristic manner over barracks peddling "pears." Besides being almost a military genius and a noted student of the green grass caliber, "C. D." is a gymnast of repute and an able business manager of THE BOMB. With all these good qualifications, success should be his in whatever he determines to follow.



19 - BOMB - 15

WINFRED EDWARD KIDD

Lovington, Va.

MATRICULATED 1910.

"Captain."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "A;" Class Foot Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "A;" Captain Class
Foot Ball; All Class Foot Ball;
Assistant Editor-in-Chief "Cadet"

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "E;" Varsity Foot
Ball Squad; Editor-in-Chief
"Cadet;" Member Athletic Council;
Marshal Final German.



YES, this is "Captain Kidd the Pirate," but alas, not the kind that roams the seas, but that more dangerous brand—a "Love Pirate." It is rumored that he has a treasure hidden in a nearby city, to which he is accustomed to make daily, yea, hourly, "hay" trips. When it comes to the gentle art of "Hay Hitting," he is only out-classed by one—Wille Lee. Due to a fever epidemic, he was thrust upon us by the Class of '14, but we have about wiped out this blot on his career. "Captain," besides being one of the foremost Electrical Engineers of '15, is an editor of no mean ability, being editor of the "Cadet" and aspiring to the editorship of the Nelson County Times. In our opinion, he will set up a Matrimonial Bureau or a Harem instead.



SAMUEL OLIVER LEWIS

Houston, Texas

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Obb."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "B;" Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Scrub Foot Ball;
Class Foot Ball; Class Base Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "E;" Scrub Foot
Ball; Bomb Staff; Marshal Final
German.

"N."



HERE we have another of the Texas Rangers, and his abilities range from base ball to wooing "Dame Fortune." He is very good at the former and nothing short of marvelous at the latter, hence the title "King of the C. S. A." His military career was fairly started when he was made "Bull Corp" on April 1, 1913. To us, of course, the date seemed to be an accident, but who knows the workings of Providence? His term here will surely end successfully, and we have high hopes that under the influence of Finals he will become a "Ladies' Man." The efforts of his friends along this line have so far been a failure. He is one of "B. D.'s" disciples, and is constantly contouring the surrounding country, shying from the country damsels and bumming his fill of buttermilk. He has aspirations of joining our delegation at Boston Tech., and will make an able member of our brilliant V. M. I. family there.



19

BOMB

WICKLIFFE BARRY LEWIS

New York, N. Y.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Wick."

FOURTH CLASS:
Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS:
Corporal Co. "F."

SECOND CLASS:
Sergeant Co. "B;" Marshal Final
Ball.

FIRST CLASS:
Lieutenant Co. "F;" Marshal Final
German.

WICK" claims to be a New Yorker, but we are inclined to think that he is a member of some nomadic tribe, having hailed, respectively, from Michigan, Missouri, Texas, Louisiana, Maryland, California and New York. BANG! The "keydets" were aroused from peaceful slumbers by an enormous noise, and peeping from their various doorways perceived the Sergeant of the Guard flying heavenward. It was found upon investigation, when finally he decided to return to earth, that he had been trying to stamp out the fuse of a dynamite bomb, manufactured and thrown by some "mean third classman." And now for his escapade with the "calic." It has been noticed that every Saturday and Sunday nights he visits a little brick house just out of limits. Besides many others. No one will deny that he stands in the front rank of the "Pirates." Also has a reputation of being very good, as he was once heard to muse and swear that he was an "archangel." His education will be as varied as his homes, so here's to you, "Wick," at Harvard.



19

BOMB

15



WILLIAM THORNTON LOWERY

Fredericksburg, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Jew."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Cadet Dial. Society: Marshal Final German.

THIS dignitary presented himself among us as a fourth-class rat, and is not, dear reader, as his name and face would lead you to believe, one of the tribe of Ishmeal, "Jew" is a name acquired by his commercial zeal. In the classroom he labors after that which will get him the much-sought-after six, thus causing that emblem of proficiency to be termed a "Jew max." As a hopster, "Jew" had few equals, until in 's first class year he fell into that pit of enchantment—Love. Each and every day he may be seen running after the "O. G." to get his daily letter from —? or later he may be seen writing one to the same place. Briefly, his dancing ambition terminates with this affair of the heart, so that now on hop nights he is found idly gazing into space. One night he reached such a state that he decided to end his troubles. After a zig-zagging dash across the room, he dove into the slop bucket, it taking a united exertion to keep him from drowning. To sum up, "Jew" is a great "love-pirate" and a good sport. With these essential merits, what shall bar his success?



EDWARD LEWIS McCORMICK

Berryville, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Crazy-Ed."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "F."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Marshal Final German.

YOU see before you now the worthy namesake of "Crazy Ed." the Buena Vista bookblack. He arrived among us in the fall of 1912. During his "rat" year only a few of the wise doubted his sanity, but since then the true facts of his pitiable mental condition have been very evident. No sign of improvement has as yet been noticed by his anxious friends, so after completing his course here he will probably be located in a padded office in Staunton. They say the insane are wiley, and "Crazy Ed." certainly possesses this trait, for so far he has avoided with skill all the snares of "Piggy" and "M & C". His ambition, however, is to become an electrical engineer. We hope and believe that he will prove successful in whatever he undertakes, knowing as we do that he will speedily live down his nickname.





JAMES DOUGLAS McLEAN

Alexandria, Va.

MATRICULATED 1910.

"Dug."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "D;," Secretary Y. M. C. A.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B;," Vice-President Y. M. C. A.; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "B;," Episcopal Church Club (4) (3) (2) (1); Marshal Final German.

"T. M."



ALEXANDRIA said that she would not be responsible for the above any longer, so she threw him on us, worse luck. He is generally hard to find, as he usually hides behind a red beard that a shave will only affect for an hour. The above picture is VERY flattering, but it would be unkind to publish a true likeness. He always has a large supply of easily (?) believed stories to tell, but generally springs them after Taps. He is trying to master the rudiments of Chemistry, but is unsuited for this profession, as it requires use of brains, not mouth. He is one of the founders of the ancient summer school for bright young men that run the St. Regis Hotel. He used to be a worker along church lines, but a certain furlough to Richmond in behalf of the Y. M. C. A. completely upset these notions. The saying "The devil quits the Scriptures for his own aims" applies to him. As to wine, women and song? Wine, women and song will never hurt "Dug," as he can't sing.



19

BOMB

15

RICHARD JAQUELIN MARSHALL

Portsmouth, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Dickey Bird."



FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Episcopal Church Club.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "D;" Episcopal Church Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "C;" Committeeman Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "C;" Episcopal Church Club; Cadet Librarian; Marshal Final German.



BEHOLD the noble brow and intellectual countenance of our youthful Solomon! In plain English, the Highbrow. But when he buckles on his trusty sword and initiates the ignorant second classmen into the mysteries of "First Aid to the Injured" he is every inch the soldier. He can mend anything from a broken neck to a broken heart. And when the hops come around the bold third classmen quail before him. Their bids for favors with the fair sex is for naught when this dashing love pirate enters the lists. Along these lines his staying qualities are something marvelous. Owing to the political education gained in his native town, he gained favor with "The Power Behind the Throne," and now holds the office of "Cadet Librarian." In his official capacity as Officer of the Day he is one of the highest bidders for the ownership of barracks. In the army he is expected to make a high mark with the others who follow this calling.



19 BOMB

NATHANIEL HARDIN MASSIE
Lexington, Ky.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Hardin."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Class Foot Ball;
Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

1st Sergeant Co. "E;" Class Base
Ball; All-Class Foot Ball; Tennis
Team; Vestryman Episcopal Church
Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "A;" Varsity Foot
Ball; Marshal Final German; Mem-
ber Athletic Council; Monogram
Club; Vestryman Episcopal Church
Club; Class Base Ball.

"T. M."

ALTHOUGH born in Virginia, Kentucky is now honored as the State of his residence. He was thrust upon us a "third class rat," consequently participating in all the fun (?) incident thereto. He is one of the "Monk's" favored ones, and becomes self-luminous when you mention "problems." Has the distinction of being the only man in class who could light a house with 26.6 electric lights. Also good in military science. But don't for an instant imagine he's "dumb." Far from it. At the command "About, face," he stands at the head of his class. He also plays tiddle-de-winks well. We may state further that he may be seen every other Sunday crossing court yard with a sock and a cake of soap under his arm. After graduating he intends to follow his profession (?) in Chicago. "Follow" is the best word to use here for reasons too numerous to mention. The class is perfectly willing to turn over their job to the public authorities, duly elected and authorized to care for the unfortunate.



19 BOMB 19

EDWARD GWALTNEY MAXWELL

Norfolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Honey-Dipper."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "A."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "A."

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Marshal Final German.

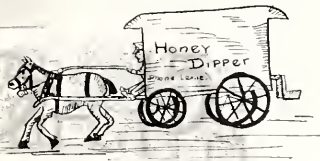


HIS specimen of Norfolk drifted through limit gate one day carrying his now famous miniature suit case in one hand and a bag of stick candy in the other.

Relying on his appearance, he applied for admission into the third class, and his bluff worked, much to our wonder. He then immediately settled down to an existence of meek humility and to a system of his own in dodging his mean fellow-classmen, and became so proficient in the art that he is scarcely heard of until the discovery of his wonderful voice. O-oooooooooooo! Owing to his similarity to certain Lexington Institutions, he is dubbed by his fellows as "Honey-Dipper." Some say this title is due to his sweet disposition (?). Finally attaining the dizzy heights of a first classman, he finds that his selected course leaves him many opportunities of "hitting the hay" and of having "day-dreams." After graduation he had expressed his intention of becoming a slave of Marconi, and has the ambition of obtaining the position of wireless operator on the ferry boat "Honey-Dipper" plying between Portsmouth and the distant city of Berkley.

19

DOMINION



EDWARD THOMAS MERRY

Baltimore, Md.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Ficklestein."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Class Foot Ball;
Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Episcopal Church
Club; Cadet Dial. Society; Marshal
Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Cadet Dial. So-
ciety; Episcopal Church Club; Class
Foot Ball; Marshal Final German.



PINK of cheek, but mighty in muscle, this budding blossom entered in the Xmas of 1911. Doomed to eternal torment by an elder brother in the third class, this rodent's life was one of "wind sucking" all his rat year. In 40-B he had changed the very atmosphere of the room with his line. Dance after dance finds this individual swaying around the gym to the tune of "I Love the Ladies." "Ficklestein" is a streak with the calic, and the many hearts he has fractured outnumber the stars above us. So strong is his desire for the dance that at the first of this year he revived the celebrated Earnie Echols Cotillon Club. However, fearing for his health, he resigned his position, much to the sorrow of McCrums. Whatever he decides to follow, we are certain that he will prove successful in the end.



19 BOMF



BENTON FRANK MUNDAY

Kansas City, Mo.

MATRICULATED 1910.

"Duke."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Cheer Leader;
Marshal Final German; Chief of
"B. B. A."



BEHOLD! BEHOLD! The pride of the Munday family! He arrived here in the early fall of 1910 with "Rum Blossom" James as a side partner, at which time the Guard Tree was a small bush. Oh, No! He is not Fat; just a little Plump. Now gaze at the face above and see if it does not resemble the face of a—?—, with the courage of Richard Coeur de Lion and the eloquence of Patrick Henry. He can boast of one thing that happens to few—having died for a girl and only being brought back to life after flowers and condolences had been sent his mother. Later in life he received the title of "Guard House Laver" by worrying "Tim" for months and getting first stand in Demerits. "Duke" is chief of the "Bad Boys' Association," pleasing all the bad boys with his mischief. And, believe me, he is some "Mischief Mixer." Whatever be the faults of our Duke of Munday, there will always be a tender spot in our hearts for him. We all wish him the same success in future life that he has made in Cadet life.



19 BOMB

JOHN BALLENTINE NORFLEET, JR.

Suffolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Jew-Baby."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Tennis Team.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Tennis Team;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Tennis Team;
Marshal Final German.

"T."



So courageous as Napoleon at Waterloo, and hailing from "goober-land," this lanky, love-pirooting and miscellaneous lad sallied into barracks in the guise of a "third class rat." On numerous occasions accused of being employed by Goobenheimer to sell peanuts in his native town, he has nobly extricated himself from such an accusation only after great endeavor by his never-failing and unequalled manner of arguing. His politeness on the occasion of his being introduced to some fair members of the powder-puff sex in Richmond last February has won for him the greatest esteem of his fellow-cadets. He has never been known to have less than three girls up to any one hop, and, unfortunately, his heart has become ensnared among the "Sweet Briars." He can compete with the velocity of a gattling-gun when it comes to asking questions. At present his "aircastle fantasies" creates in him the desire to follow in the footsteps of *"son perc."* Farewell "Jew," and may your efforts in the business be as intense as they have been in the romantic.



VICTOR PARKS, JR.

Norfolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Vic."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Class Base Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Marshal Final
German.



HE "Gibson" man you see above is the only human "Victrola" now living. Ladies, look closely. Isn't he a peach? But be not deceived in his innocent appearance, for ever since he arrived three years ago he has been nothing but a pest to those in authority. Whether he will become a famous electrician, in which he has had practical experience, or a base ball pitcher is hard to tell. "Old George," that innocent bystander in front of barracks, was the first to discover his skill in the latter art. After observing the aptness with which "Vic" cleaned up after the bombardment, "Old John" was heard to remark, "Well, Cap'n, I'm skeered uf my job now." However, if he can fool the world like he fools the V. M. I. faculty, he will surely make a success at whatever he undertakes.



19 BOM



WILLIAM PAUL PARSONS

Independence, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"H."

FOURTH CLASS:
Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:
Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:
Private Co. "D."

FIRST CLASS:
Private Co. "D;" Marshal Final
German.

HERE we have before us the oldest and wisest of the numerous Parson brothers now infesting the peaceful domain of barracks. No one could gaze upon this noble countenance that we now have before us without feeling that it is upon the picture of some great Greek philosopher that his eyes are resting. "W" is the chaperon of "Joe" and "X," and without this careful attention these two members of the younger generation of Parsons would have gone astray long ago. He often smiles, sometimes laughs (on special occasions), much to the amazement of all onlookers, and when he speaks it is a signal for all to be quiet and "list to the words of wisdom that cometh forth from his mouth." He is a charter member of the High Brow Club. In the near future he will no doubt be chief engineer of the quiet city of Independence, but whatever his vocation in life, we wish him much success, as he well deserves.



19 BOMB

THEOPOLIS X. PARSONS

Independence, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"X."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Class Basket Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Marshal Final German.



HIS human algebraic equation lurched into the arch one cold September morning and managed to make the "O. D." understand that he wanted to become a "Keydet." His "rat" year was a quiet one and uneventful, except for the fact that he roomed with Hiram Cox. But in his third class year he straightway attained favor by developing a bad case of "Glass Smashtinus," and was held here for treatment several days after the corps has been dismissed. He was also a member of the Excess and Squirrel Hunters' Club. But since becoming a first classman he has turned over a new leaf, reading only four books a week and running only nineteen demerits per month. When not with his head between the leaves of a book he can be found in No. 91 deeply interested in the "Independence Weakley Bladder" or in an argument with "Bennie." He is one of "Tom-miez" disciples, and we expect great things of him in the near future.



XEN PHON.

19 BOMB

LAFAYETTE DALLAS PETROSS

Springdale, Ark.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Pete."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Presbyterian Church Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Class Base Ball; Gym. Team.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Class Foot Ball; Gym. Team; Marshal Final German.



HE sole survivor of the "Arkansas Travelers;" Club wandered into limits in the fall of 1912, making the enrollment of that organization five. "Pete" alone is left now, the others becoming weary of the dull and monotonous life of barracks. "Pete" chose that path of many thorns via the third class "rat" route, and after passing that week of all weeks that comes to every third class "rat," has led a life of ease. Two things alone arouse the feelings of this drone. First, the threats of one "Monk," all-powerful in the land of "Diperrary"; and second, a variable mind possessed by a certain "Arkansas Calic." "Pete" still clings to that determination to wed early in life, and we hope he shall find a suitable "travelling mate." He was never known to open a book before class call, but by some remarkable agency manages to become one of those in the proficient list. Don't be surprised if in the near future you hear of this youngster inventing some scientific device by which a "keydet" need not go to "rev."



19

BOMB



ARTHUR REMBERT

Rembert, S. C.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Snake."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Marshal Final
Ball; Manager Class Foot Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Cheer Leader;
Manager Class Foot Ball; Banquet
Committee; Marshal Final German.

"N."

* * * and there, on your right, you now behold the only original seducer of Adam and Eve, direct from the swamps of South Carolina; only one known to be in captivity. (Stand back, there, children, he bites.) He first made his appearance among us by crawling in through the window of No. 9-B and making eleven straight passes before the keepers realized the scientific significance of this specie. After that he was granted the freedom of his compartment until the summer of his second class year. Then he was freed for two entire months. But never again. He returned minus rings, pins and heart, and could not account for anything. May be seen any night before every Descriptive exam. coiled up in the hay —?—dreaming of Mrs. Katzenjammer. This, his last year, owing to his rhythmic contortions, he had deduced spasms of noise from the corps. Ladies and gentlemen, how could they help yelling when led by a waiving Archimedes Spiral supported between a "Nigger" and a "Duke"? Because of his close proximity with terra firma he has chosen as his life occupation that branch of science which teaches the composition of all matter. He finds that at all times he must be able to distinguish between 2HS and 5SKUNK—But walking or crawling, he'll get there. So "Ike," let's get some "G—G—"?



HORACE LILBURN SMITH, JR.
Petersburg, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Hiram."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

SECOND CLASS:

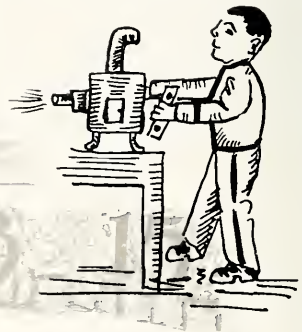
Private Co. "E;" Class Ring Committee.

FIRST CLASS:

Military Secretary; Bomb Staff;
Marshal Final German.



HIS quiet, unassuming young fellow came among us one night in September, and, as his kind do, has stuck with us ever since. At first, he had the trouble of living down being from Petersburg, but we can vouch for his being the highest average of any sent us so far. Takes Civil with a lot of us other f—ls, but knows nearly as much Electricity as a great many of those that take this course. Spends a lot of his extra time in showing the boys how Colonel Jones said the stress was so and so on that member, and how Colonel Poague said to draw it. Was a rather secluded third classman, but showed the "O. D.'s" and the "subs" a good time trying to find out who was behind all of the funny happenings to the lights and where those bells were and who shot that bomb. But in his second and first class years he had dropped his foolishness and actually seems to be almost a high brow. And now, as time comes for us to part, we look forward to the safely predicted success of "Hiram," and feel sure that all who come to know him will find him as we—hard working, practical, a high sense of right and, above all, a true friend.



19

BOMB

VERNON LEE SOMERS

Bloxom, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Apple Knuocker."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Foot Ball Squad.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "A;" Varsity Foot Ball; Monogram Club.

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "A;" Varsity Foot Ball; Monogram Club; Class Ring Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Lieutenant Co. "A;" Varsity Foot Ball; Monogram Club; Marshal Final German.



STEP forth, ladies and gentlemen, and behold this handsome fellow from the wilds and wooly regions of Accomac, who, by some chance, heard of the Institute, and by various methods of travel at last managed to reach the historical town of Lexington. "Apple" came into prominence in the social circle when a second classman, and since has been a star with the fair sex, carrying his dancing so far as to practice the "Lame Duck" on the Surgeon on several occasions. Has been a honored member of the "Ipso facto" club at the Alum for one summer, and stands first when it comes to shielding fair damsels who seek his arms for protection when ghostly objects appear, even going so far as to say, "Skeer Her Agin." Is known to make more noise when going to bed in an upper berth than any other living man, and on being asked next morning how he slept, "Apple" replied, "All right, except that was a mighty small hammock." The name of "Apple" is well known, especially in Charlotte, N. C., among the police force. Expects to tunnel the Virginia Capes after graduation, so look out.



RUTHERFORD HOUSTON SPESSARD

New Castle, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Spec."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E;" Presbyterian Church Club.

SECOND CLASS:

First Sergeant Co. "B;" Asst. Business Manager The Cadet; Class Base Ball; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Captain Co. "B;" Business Manager Cadet; Vaedictorian; Class Base Ball; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."



TE sons of New Castle, hearken! One of your number is treading the primrose path to fame. He is a military genius, a "High Brow," and with all an athlete, taking the unusual rôle of a Mexican Bull Fighter. In this he stands supreme, having won as prizes at least one of every breed of canine known. He entered the "Nine B Hay Hitters' Endurance Run," but there was distinguished only as among the "also rans." "Spec." is one of "Tommy's" wonder workers, being extremely good in "Roofs and Garrets." But now we come to the sad side of his life. Although yet in his "teens," it seems that he has had many love affairs. He managed to keep all of this quiet until one Sunday night he turned up missing at tattoo, and our eyes were opened. Since then many things have been noticed that possibly would have escaped otherwise. Why was he so willing to write up the foot ball game in Richmond last fall? But we will not tell everything. Just be careful, old sport. Virginia and South Carolina may not be as far apart as you think.



19 BOMB

ROMEO WAGNER
Maurertown, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Romeo"

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Class Foot Ball;
Scrub Foot Ball.

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Scrub Foot Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Scrub Foot Ball;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Scrub Foot Ball;
Marshal Final German.



ROME-O* is true to his name, and if Hon. Shakespeare were writing tales today, he would have much help in forming his plots by watching the activities of our pride. "Romeo" has been subjected to bad influence during his first class year by rooming with Davis and Munday, but his character seems strong enough to withstand the environment. You will find him ending over a drawing board trying to please "Tommie" or "Piggie" any night except Saturday and Sunday, at which times he is Romeoing about Lexington. His cadetship was somewhat marred in his first class year by Hop Permits, which made numerous P. T.'s and a request to stay at home by the authorities. "Rome-o" is undecided what field of activity he will pursue after leaving his soldier life. Very earnestly, every morning at "Rev." he proclaims that he was not made for a soldier life. He is a lover of "hay," but only seldom does "Tommie" allow such proceedings. If you wish to see "Rome-o" give that bewitching smile, only say "Here is a letter from your Calie." That will bring him on the run; otherwise he is not a running man.





LEE ALPHONSO WALLACE

Norfolk, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Lee."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Bomb Staff; Marshal Final German.

TO this small person belongs the credit for most of the pictures illustrating this annual. He is indeed a great photographer, and is on hand at all occasions with his trusty weapon. The most interesting of his stock of pictures are those which he designates under the caption of "Fair Sex." And here lies the keynote of one of his chief characteristics. Yes, "Lee" is a dyed-in-the-wool love pirate, and is not to be trusted with anyone's girl. Every day he rushes to the arch and comes back with four or five letters, pink, blue, gold and yellow. In the summer you can always find this lad at Ocean View, and there dancing day in and day out, as if his life depended on it. "Lee" has hopes of a career as a great engineer, with headquarters in South America. Wherever he locates we wish him the success he deserves.



19 BOMB 17



HOWARD E. WATSON
Chincoteague Island, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Duke,"

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "F."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Mandolin Club;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "F;" Leader Mandolin
Club; Marshal Final German.

OH! Behold, good people, "His Royal Highness, the Duke of Tuscany!" He rules alone and undisputed that unheard-of Island of Chincoteague in the calm Atlantic just five miles from civilization. Working alone in this secluded spot, it was no other than he who astonished the world by proving that "water will run up hill if given a good start." He was also the one who objected to verbal orders on the battlefield, "for fear the enemy would overhear." Thus it was that science, Geological and Military, brought him the recognition of his fellowmen, and along with it medals, honor and a title. But he is also a musician of no mean ability—pardon, I mean "of no ability." He plays the mandolin, and for this we humbly apologize to all who overhear him. One cold morning he was the sickest man you ever saw. Why, we wonder? Good-bye, Duke: go back to your realm and alement, the civilized world is no place for you.



19

BOMB



GORDON WATT

Reidsville, N. C.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Ducky."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "A;" Vice-President Class.

SECOND CLASS:

First Sergeant Co. "A;" Vice-President Class; Varsity Base Ball; Monogram Club; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Captain Co. "F;" Vice-President Class; Varsity Base Ball; Monogram Club; Class Foot Ball; Marshal Final German.

"T. M."

WHO would ever have thought that this, from the unknown parts of North Carolina, would make a soldier? "Ducky" signifies knowledge—this name was derived from one of our high brows. From first appearance, the knot so clearly outlined on the back of his dome was thought to contain mathematics, but after slight investigation it was found to be an intellectual (K)NOT. Some one not wishing him the best of luck once told him that he should be able to play foot ball. He received such recognition in the class series that he was thrust upon the All-American by the Lexington Gazette. Through the mails a continuous stream of postals come from all parts, containing the one question, "Why don't you write, 'Ducky?'" His usual answer is "You are forgotten in the blissful thoughts of another." "Ducky has a favorite book also, The Winning of Barbara (Worth). This he has mastered, and his one ambition now is to capture the elusive "dip." We wish him luck in his undertaking.



ARMISTEAD LONDON WELLFORD

Richmond, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Squirrel."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:

Sergeant Co. "D."

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "D;" Episcopal Church
Club; Marshal Final German.

DO not be misled on beholding this youthful and innocent countenance. In reality, "Squirrel" is the meanest, boldest and most reckless person who ever entered "Monk's" laboratory. He has always longed to be a muscular giant, and we venture to say that if he keeps on the road he is now travelling, mightiness will soon greet him. As a boxer he is already a terror, at one time getting courage enough under his belt to oppose "Apple." He is apparently indifferent toward the "calic," but now and then he darkly hints of some fair dame who captured his heart at the Xmas hops. Chevrons come and go with him. He keeps a complete outfit of them in his shelf to provide for an emergency. At one time he was known to keep a sergeant for nearly a week, but doesn't know very much about 1914 Finals. He will surprise us all some day by becoming Pres. of the Westinghouse Electric Company or Thomas A. Edison II.





RICHARD FRANKLIN WELTON

Portsmouth, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Jim."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Scrub Foot Ball;
Class Foot Ball.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "A;" Class Foot Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "A;" Class Foot Ball;
Marshal Final German.

HIS name was "Frank," so we called him "Jim" for short, and later "Worthless"—when we knew him better. James started out on the path of virtue and looked neither to the right nor left until his third class year. Then the responsibility of Commander-in-Chief of the First Stoop Annex, coupled with the lure of high explosives, proved his undoing. Thereafter he graced the ranks of the busted and exchanged for a chance at Jackson Hope the reputation of "pivot-man" in Company "A." Since then life has been one long struggle with "Piggie." His nights are spent in study and his summers at the Alum. One singles him out from the multitude for three reasons—height of the guard-tree, most vacant expression in barracks, and the number of yellow envelopes which the mail carrier brings. Would President be to high a prediction? The answer is left to the individual.



19 BOMB

GILBERT HAMILTON WILKINS

Lynchburg, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Snookums."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Color Guard; Class Foot Ball; Bomb Staff; Marshall Final German.

"X."

DA-DA. Ow-oooo. Yes, that's him, our little lovey-dovey, one-toothed darling, with a grin like a sick cheshire cat. This tow-headed sleep-disturber calls Lynchburg his home. Why she didn't try Pike's Peak we don't know. Does she dance? Well, I couldn't swear to that, but I notice the "calic" look rather weary and walk with a limp after he retires. He is taking the only agricultural course here. This lump of sweetness has half interest in Mary Baldwin. Gets more special deliveries than any other man in barracks. Can be heard at any time o' day talking about "Sally," "Peggy" and what-not. Has seven up to every hop, but none have arrived as yet that we know of. In athletics puts on a foot ball suit (with pads), and one man swore that he was the biggest thing he ever saw. Gentle reader, this 1915 debutante is to be thrust upon this cruel world. Be human and gentle, for even if he does worry his parents and the friends of the comic sheet, he will make good when he grows up.



19

THOMAS CHAMBLISS WILLIAMS

Drivers, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Kaiser"

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "B."

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "B;" Marshal Final German.



HERE may be many Generals and Field Marshals, but there is only one Kaiser. Hock der "Kaiser?" Never! He is too rare an antiquity even to lend. To describe him—well, in brief (for he is brief), he is a simple soul. His head and shoulders you see above, but, lucky for him, you are unable to see the toothpicks upon which his massive frame reposes. He is one of the Five Famous Chemistry Men, and every night you may find him in the rear room of No. 31 in the "hay," laboring over the mysteries of the "Cavalier Weekly." He is, in spite of all, the only favorite of "P. I.s.," and this sage man has already engaged the "Kaiser" to teach his classes the first day he is indisposed. After getting his "dip" he hopes to teach school. Just where, it does not matter, just so his deep learning and knowledge is properly appreciated. If he can succeed in teaching others as well as he can absorb Chemistry himself, we predict a brilliant future for the "Kaiser."



JAMES BOWDOIN WISE, JR.

Cheriton, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Jimbo."

FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "E."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "C;" Marshal Final German.



NO, this is not a portrait of Aristotle, but a photo of "Jimmy" Wise, who hails from the metropolis of Cheriton. If you don't believe there is such a place, just look at the map, and with the aid of a magnifying glass you can see it. When "Jimbo" entered the arch and reported to the "O. D." the tower clock stopped and started backwards, and has been running in that direction since. He insists that Cheriton has the largest oyster crop of the world, and his main occupations at home are gathering "Wool" and "Cooking" oysters. He has proven himself a track man of no mean ability by giving "B. D." the chase of his young life when he and Dillard were suddenly surprised in Lexington one evening. "Jimbo" is some sailor, and is now contemplating the building of a speed boat that will make 999 miles per hour. One of his accomplishments is boxing, and he will give anyone a lesson in exchange for a black eye. "Jimmy" as yet is undecided what he will do with his talents, but they will keep.



19

ROBERT EDWARD WYSOR
Dublin, Va.

MATRICULATED 1911.

"Half-It."



FOURTH CLASS:

Private Co. "F," Class Base Ball.

THIRD CLASS:

Corporal Co. "F;" Class Foot Ball;
 Class Base Ball.

SECOND CLASS:

First Sergeant Co. "E;" Class Foot
 Ball; Class Base Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Captain Co. "F;" Captain Class Foot
 Ball; Class Base Ball; Marshal Final
 German.

"N."

SOME combination, this! Listless, sleepy-looking, slow but sure, always wandering around, and, above all, a gross trifter. No use in going into details over his nickname; enough said that it was thrust upon him soon after his arrival and it stuck. He says he has followed a plow, and no one has ever denied it. He can at any time be seen shuffling around barracks carrying an apple, stick, snowball or something to let fly at some innocent. Often gets up at 5 o'clock, being homesick for the farm. But once or twice he has had a "high old time," and you should hear him tell about it. He is also some politician, as he has journeyed home to vote every time since he has been here. No, he is not VERY old. He was some proud of his prohibition vote last fall. Every day he is a constant worry to the O. G. after that letter from his little Bell(e). Always leaves the room when the "rabble" congregate, as no hilarious time for him. Of course, for all his faults, every one likes him, and it will be ever thus.



19 BOMB 19

WILLIAM LAROSE YODER

New Castle, Va.

MATRICULATED 1912.

"Bill."

THIRD CLASS:

Private Co. "D."

SECOND CLASS:

Private Co. "C."

FIRST CLASS:

Private Co. "C.:" Marshal Final
German.



HIS wee, small product of the wilds of Southwest Virginia arrived at headquarters with a portfolio of knowledge under his arm and by his eloquence proved to "Auld Nick" that he was wise as an owl and was made a third class "rat." Ever since he has shocked his classmates with his knowledge of electricity. Reads of Edison's inventions and then says to his roommates, "Huh, that's nothing. Just keep your eye on me." Has the distinction of being the only man who can talk to "Monk" on the level (?) (being five feet from top to bottom). Bill's pastime is to lie in the "hay" and dwell upon the dumbness of his roommates. The height of his ambition is to be able to look down a gun barrel without getting into a chair. "Calies," beware; he'll "break your heart to pass the time away." We look to him to hold up the standard of the electrical department in his walk through life.



19 BOMB

VERNON MILES INGRAHAM

Richmond, Va.

MATRICULATED 1914.

"The Kid." "V. M. I."



SECOND CLASS:

Private Co.'s "A" to "F;" Hop Committee; Marshal Final Ball.

FIRST CLASS:

Honorary Captain Co.'s "A" to "F;" Cotillion Club; Banquet Committee; Marshal Final German.



HE above "Disperser of the Blues" entered the Class of Fifteen as a second class "rat," and straightway found a warm place in the heart of every classmate. No "love escapades" can we accuse him of, for he has been unduly careful in this respect. No witty sayings or foolish blunders. In our estimation he is perfect. Although absent in body, but ever present in spirit, we can only wish and predict for the protege of the Class of Fifteen a long life and a happy one. A career at V. M. I. upon which we have set our hearts and the establishment of a record here that none of us could possibly wish for in our wildest moments of enthusiasm. First Captain, Captain of a winning foot ball team, Leader of the Final Ball and German, Editor-in-Chief of The Cadet and Bomb, President, Historian and Validictorian of your class, to you, Vernon Miles Ingraham, the Class of Nineteen Fifteen wish it.



IN MEMORIAM

Beverly L. Randolph

Los Angeles, California

and

Gustavus H. Dodson

Norfolk, Virginia


In whose deaths
The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen
has lost two devoted friends—
true gentlemen and loyal members



Not Accounted For

LE GRAND J. WOODS, JR.	G. R. SMITH
BEVERLY LAMBETH RANDOLPH	J. R. BRINKER
THEODORE KEY REILLY	O. H. WEST
RICHARD H. SMITH, JR.	J. E. JORDAN
D. W. PEARSON	W. F. TYNES
R. E. L. COOK	FREDERICK HOCK
G. B. STEPHENSON	C. A. MAHANN
W. M. UPSHUR	W. O. BIGBEE
A. S. PATTERSON	C. F. CROSS, JR.
H. C. HODGES	EMORY FIELD
PAUL WILSON	JEROME HAFTER
J. S. MCNEILY, JR.	ALBERT BLUM
E. B. BORDERN	DANIEL COX
TRAFTON HATHAWAY	A. P. CARR
P. C. BENNERS	J. H. PAYNE
W. T. MONEY	R. B. GAYLE
C. W. CRIST	A. D. HAYDEN
P. P. MONTGOMERY	V. SHAW KENNEDY
W. L. GETZEN	F. F. L. ENGLE
G. F. HERRICK	R. B. SPRIGG
J. H. HAWKINS	FREDERICK SLAUSON
H. B. TYREE	R. W. MURPHY
E. B. ERVAY	A. J. ROENTREE
LLOYD SKILES	J. W. ENGLEMAN
J. T. JONEY	F. H. McLEOD
ALLEN SKILES	R. R. BEATON
FREDERICK J. WILLIAMS	D. GREGORY
T. D. STOOFS	J. E. TUCKER
BARTLETT JAMES	J. R. CUSHMANN
RICHARD WRIGHT	PAUL A. SCHMITT
C. O. KIMBERLY	R. D. PETRIE

19 BOMB 15



W. M. WRIGHT
C. C. CHESHIRE
H. C. STUART
J. TAYLOR
REID A. PAGE
W. H. BRIGGS
THEODORE BENDER
D. J. PATTON
C. WORRELL
R. S. LUTS
D. L. PAGE
W. P. MILLER
B. L. MARSHALL
R. BRUCE MASON
S. B. FORBES
R. C. KEY
H. L. SQUIRES

H. C. OKIE
J. L. MCKEE
H. M. AU
G. P. DODSON
G. F. ALTON
LOUIS ALEXANDER
J. A. GAREY
L. W. HARMAN
H. J. HEALEY
FRANK MADDEN
R. E. NICHOLSON
C. OWSLEY
W. T. RATCLIFF
G. TOBIN
A. S. WALKER
H. C. WAYTE



19 BOMB 15

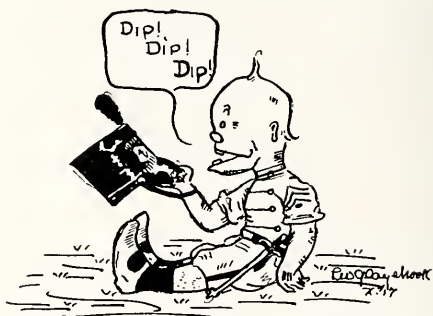
Ex-Fifteen

*To whom the Class of Fifteen wish the utmost in success and
look ever forward to the day of their ultimate triumph.*



Ex. Men.

CLARKSON, C. C.
CHRISTIAN, M.
CUMMING, S. C.
DEGRAFF, D. A.
HYLAND, J. L.
LUNT, S. M.
MOORE, L. K.
SEAMAN, E. C.
TYNES, W. F.
VAUGHAN, C. C.
WAGNER, R.
WILKINS, G. H.



A Graduate of
"The class of 1915"



Imagine yourself for the time being in the Moving Picture Hall of Life, with the Class of Nineteen-Fifteen as the machine turned by the hand of Time, flashing its message upon the screen.

The Past



EARLY in the month of September, 1911, is our first scene. One hundred and forty of us are seen busily engaged in the every-day occupations of the "good old days." Here we see one on his mission in search of a thimble, another carries matches in pursuit of a brother with cigarettes. Now one engaged in the snow fight upon the Hill, hurls a snowball at an old cadet in the window. The consequences we all know.

The scene changes to a September of another year. The one hundred and forty have dwindled somewhat, but the remaining few, with hats aside the head, cigarettes in mouth, trousers rolled to high-water mark, lazily swinging a barrel stave, march boldly into the arch. The Keystone Comedy begins. Bombs fire in the air, new cadets rush madly about the stoop in their nighties, corporals are chased from behind the Academic building by wearers of masks, and as a climax to the mad scene of confusion, General George Washington breaks all rules of social etiquette by presenting himself at reveille in the dead of winter clad in a coat of blue with trousers of old gold, with a stocking matching each color.



Again the reel is turned and a new scene we view. The gayety of the year before in the characters we are following is gone. In this scene we now see the Cadets who before have been mere pawns in the game at the Institute, blossom forth as leaders. Elections are held, The Final Ball and German, The Cadet, THE BOMB, for the year to come are managed by the men of Fifteen. In athletics they take a stand. In the Varsity are scattered the representatives of Fifteen. In Class Athletics, as of the previous year, they are the Champions in Base Ball. One possession alone is due them in order to fulfill the requirements of their class—The Class Rings. The future is looked forward to dimly at first, brighter and brighter the scene becomes, anxiously waiting, wishing and hoping.

The Present

OVER and over the reel has turned as now it grows smaller and smaller. The lights of knowledge and appreciation are turned upon the screen, making the brightest of scenes. The First Classman appears, haughty, dignified, assuming. They put their shoulder to the old barracks and push. In military, the Officer of the Day and of the Guard; in society, the Hops, Cadet and BOMB; in athletics we see the foot ball, base ball, basket ball, track and gymnasium teams largely populated by the Fifteen element. The future is looked forward to with interest and an ever so slight feeling of nervousness. The day of Graduation for the men who have stood side by side for the past four years rapidly approaches—and then—

The Future

THE victories and defeats that have befallen the Class of Fifteen have so far engaged our attention. They are now incidents of the past. The outlook into our future victories, defeats and progress as men of the world—that is the theme of the present.

Numbering sixty-four members at present, we can fully appreciate our decline when we recall the one hundred and forty of our fourth class year. Many have seen it necessary to resign, and our best wishes and fond remembrances follow them in their various callings. Others have fallen back to lower classes. To these we likewise wish success while we live among them, not as a superior class, but with the true feeling of loyalty toward them now that was ever present before. But some of our number have fallen from an upper class in the years gone by and

19 BOMB 15

have cast their lot with the men of Fifteen. To these we give the true hand of fellowship and congratulate ourselves upon the addition of such representative men.

Soon this remaining few who have stood shoulder to shoulder through the mutual wearing of the gray, for the past three or four years, will leave behind them the scenes of the Institute and take up their ceaseless, arduous combat with the world and with life. The question then arises, Will this sixty-four carry further to completion the stainless banner of Success that has characterized for seventy-six years the graduates of the V. M. I.? As an answer to this question, one of unlimited scope, another question is pressed forward. Have we completed our building of the "Castle of Character?" In the answering of this question alone can we all decide and determine to be one of the many that are successful.



"Man builds his towers of stone, his modern cliff dwelling of iron and glass; the child builds a fort of sand on the seashore. It is all only a day in the eyes of Time. The stone castle crumbles, the city sinks below the ground and is forgotten. Man can build only one thing that endures in the individual or in the race and makes of them both a success—a building of Character."

According to Herodotus, one hundred thousand men worked for twenty years to build the Pyramids of Cheops, which now looks mournfully around on a sandy waste. His structure was a monument to his vanity and his folly. With what intentions are we building?



Many of us are thinking today of building as Cheops did, and even more wastefully, piling up a monument of entirely perishable things.

It has been said that the money and labor spent upon the Pyramid of Cheops would have built a great stone wall across the Isthmus of Suez and prevented the invasion of Egypt by savage tribe. It is useless, however, for us in later years to speculate on what might have been.

"But modern man, like the savage, must build according to his instinct. The Indian spent his time sharpening the head for his arrow. He never sharpened a tool to use in the ground. And those that invented plows destroyed him. Fortunately, amid all the waste of effort there is another kind of building that proceeds from generation to generation and through the centuries. And that is the building of Character."

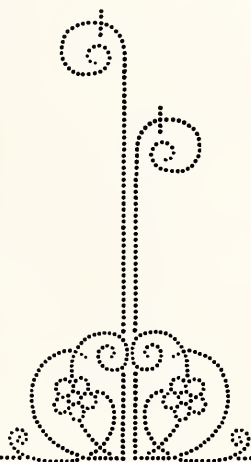
But in the building of Character, as in the building of the structures that crumble and decay, there are many disappointments. We can all in our own life look back upon ambitions and resolutions that have tottered and fallen like the big towers of Heidelberg or the old strong places along the Mediterranean.

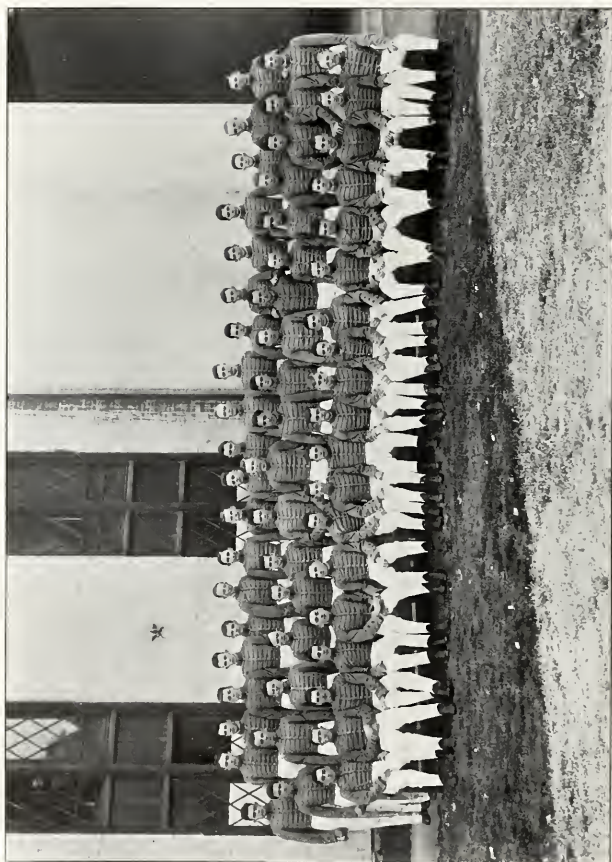
However, every ruin in the history of our individual life, every disappointment, every broken resolution has its value, just as the old ruins on the hills and plains of ancient lands have their value and teach their lesson.

And now may we all, if our Castles are not completed, buckle down to the task in view and profit by this word of caution given by one of the members of Fifteen to another, and one who is as slow in the building as any among our number. And when the day of our graduation draws near and is passed, our sixty-four can look the old world in the face and say their Character Building has been their chief aim, and that they are ready to take their place in the ranks of that vast army of successful graduates of the Virginia Military Institute, with their motto symbolized by the words of our distinguished predecessor, Stonewall Jackson, when he said, "You May Be Whatsoever You Resolve to Be."

To you, Old Fifteen, your Historian bids a sad farewell, and presents a wish for the ripest of the fruits of Life for each and every one of your members.

CLASS OF 1916





THE SECOND CLASS



Class of 1916

COLORS: *Blue and White.*

LINDSAY PITTS.....	<i>President</i>
WILLIAM MURRAY WHITTLE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
HERNANDO MONEY READ.....	<i>Historian</i>

Class Roll

ARMISTEAD, T. D.....	Virginia	FRARY, R. W.....	Florida
AMORY, T. D.....	Delaware	FRASER, D. D.....	Virginia
AYERS, B. D.....	Virginia	FRIEDMAN, R. H.....	Virginia
BRADFORD, W. B.....	Florida	FUGATE, J. H.....	Virginia
BREWSTER, J. E.....	New York	GAILLARD, F.....	Texas
BURACKER, S. L.....	Virginia	GEYER, P. C.....	Canal Zone
BURKS, J. J.....	Virginia	GILLESPIE, V. R.....	Virginia
CHAPIN, C. C.....	Virginia	GOODMAN, B.....	Virginia
CHRISTIAN, M. H.....	Virginia	GROOVER, C.....	Georgia
COLLINS, C. J.....	Florida	GUSTAVESON, J. W.....	Virginia
COSBY, W. W.....	Virginia	HEFLIN, S. M.....	Virginia
CUMMING, C.....	Virginia	HIX, C. H.....	Virginia
DEBUTTS, H. A.....	Virginia	HOLMES, H. B.....	Virginia
DEGRAFF, D. A.....	New York	HYLAND, J. L.....	Mississippi
DILLARD, J. A. B.....	Virginia	JONES, W. B.....	Virginia
DREWRY, G. H.....	Virginia	KAROW, G.....	Georgia
DUNCAN, P. H.....	Virginia	LEGGET, W. B.....	New Jersey
DURANT, A.....	Georgia	LEWIS, W. B., JR.....	North Carolina
FECHMEIER, J. H.....	New York	LOHMEYER, W.....	West Virginia
FISHBURNE, R. F.....	Virginia	LOTH, M. A. R.....	Virginia

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1916 Class Roll—Continued

LUNT, S. M.....	Virginia	RICH, A.....	Virginia
McCLELLAN, J. M.....	Virginia	SANSBERRY, J. C.....	Indiana
McCORMICK, O. L.....	Virginia	SEAMAN, E. C.....	Pennsylvania
McKAY, L. H.....	Georgia	SNEAD, G. M.....	Virginia
MILLER, J. C.....	West Virginia	TABER, W. A.....	Alabama
MILLNER, B. J.....	Virginia	THOMAS, C. B.....	Maryland
MITCHELL, S. P.....	Virginia	TYNES, W. F.....	Virginia
MOORE, L. K.....	Michigan	VAUGHAN, C.C. 3RD.....	Virginia
MOORE, R. C.....	South Carolina	WARREN, R. H.....	Georgia
MORRIS, W. L.....	Maryland	WHITE, G. W.....	Virginia
OLD, N., JR.....	Virginia	WILLCOX, C. S.....	Virginia
PAUL, J. G.....	Virginia	ZEA, F. E.....	Virginia
PITTS, J. L.....	Virginia		



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WITH the patient reader's kind consent I will recall a few of the incidents that led up to our entrance into the Second Class, that goal of those whom Father Time and the authorities have destined to be sober and sedate. While Third Classmen we were an unqualified success as an aggregate pest, to be endured in suffering silence (such has been that specie since the beginning of things). The prime object in our young lives seemed to be to make ourselves as unbearable and "gross" as the law allows, and some of us wasted time, opportunity and other things in foraging for signatures which, according to Barrack Tradition (there's another name for it) since the planting of the guard tree, are indispensable to the sacred Sheepskin.

In spite of the aforementioned glaring defects we were back at "V. M. and I." in September with a class of seventy-odd men. Practically the first thing we did besides fall on each other's neck, greet "Du" with gravity or frivolity (according as whether we did not or did desire to run a sti—, steady, late to the first formation), gaze in speechless awe at the newly corp. nonchalantly jingling the keys, and leap out of the way of some Fourth Classman strolling about the stoops wearing gym. trousers and a distinct air of proprietorship—besides all these our first act was to elect officers for the year. Ennmett Parkerson, our popular President of last year, failed to return, so Lindsay Pitts

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was unanimously elected to fill this place, and W. M. Whittle was chosen Vice-President. It is needless to say that we have never had cause to regret this choice. H. M. Read was re-elected Historian. Next, after a regular political holocaust, Snead and DeGraff were elected Leader and Assistant, respectively, of the Final Ball, and since, to hear them tell it, each is a "devil among the women," we have every reason to expect them to "max" their arduous task.

Much profound and prolonged cogitation was required in order to decide the all-important question of what course one should take in order to become a bloated bondholder. Some took up Civil with no intention of using a transit except as



a means to a definite end—the end being anything in female attire roaming about below the parapet. Electricity attracted some, who couldn't handle an electric iron without being shocked (about ten night tours voltage). Others are pursuing the elusive "Dip" via the line of least resistance, namely, Chemistry, though they couldn't swear that there is a difference between a "Yiddiometer" tube and the atomic theory. And, bringing up the rear, the rabble are trying to "ride" Liberal Arts with the idea of marrying rich, but, to quote an authority on the "coming course," "You men that have hay propensities and a constitutional antipathy to work have made a fatal error—next lesson next time."

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No particular advantage could accrue to anyone concerned should a post-mortem be held over the Class games of the year. Suffice it to say that the teams representing 1916 have always given evidence of plenty of that fighting spirit that will win them a championship yet. As for the Varsity, we cannot praise too highly the efforts of our men. In foot ball, L. McCormick, L. Pitts and Goodman received well-deserved monograms. From what can be judged of the basket ball outlook and their work last year, J. Pitts, T. Amory, Tynes and "Long John" Miller are going to share the honors when the season is over. V. R. Gillespie



again monopolizes the limelight, having been re-elected captain of the tennis team. Four second classmen, John and Lindsay Pitts, Lyle McCormick and "Rock" Gillespie (captain of the team, by the way) are the only base ball letter men in barracks at present, and no one need be apprehensive concerning the future of the team with those diamond experts holding down their old positions.

Taken as a whole, the Second Class year, being that period of transition from the "mean" Third Class to the haughty First Class, is rather uneventful, but whatever has occurred is always worthy of the Class of Sixteen.

HISTORIAN.

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Who Was the Fool?

BY THE EDITOR

*"A fool there was who said his prayer
To a Rag, a Bone and a hank of Hair."*

(This article will run through several pages that will be found in different sections of this book. The conclusion is reached only through the persistent and careful perusal of the entire set. No hint will be given as to where the next installment begins, so be on the alert.)

Who was the fool?

Ralph Conrad, a typical adventurer from the States, six feet in height, a distinct brunette with coal black eyes and hair, broad, massive shoulders, and prominent forehead displayed by a waving pompadour, thought he was as he first stepped on the ground of Paris direct from Lansing, Michigan.

Dorris De Vere, a typical "striver for knowledge" from the States, a distinct blonde, exquisite figure from the tip of her tiny toes to the tip of her tiny nose, thought she was as she began her first lesson in French under the instruction of a French master.

Mother Zachery, one of the worst in nature but kindest souls in heart that ever lived in the depths of Paris, thought she was as she unearthed a tiny gold piece from the gutter in the street one Sunday morning.

"I want to be kissed."

"And by whom, pray?"

"As you seem to be the only person present, I suppose—"

And they kissed.

Such was a mere scrap of the conversation between Ralph Conrad, a typical American adventurer in Paris, and the girl he had met only the day before, Dorris De Vere, pursuing her slight knowledge of French at the school of the Seven Sisters. At the opening of this chapter they were seated in the roof garden of the Hotel Plaza.

"As I was the only person of male attire present, you had no choice. Is that it?"

"Certainly not," she replied. "I will have you to understand that I kiss only those people of whom I am very fond, and I don't like everyone I meet," she continued.

"In that case, then, I understand since you have met me that you are to a slight extent fond of me."

The simple answer, "Yes."

"Then it's a mighty poor rule that doesn't work both ways."

And they kissed again.

CLASS OF 1917





THE THIRD CLASS



Class of 1917

Class Officers

OLIVER B. BUCHER.....	<i>President</i>
J. T. HAMLIN, Jr.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
E. C. BROWN.....	<i>Historian</i>

Class Roll

ADAMS, J. B.....	Alabama	FRANKLIN, H. C.....	Virginia
BARNES, A. D.....	Texas	GATLING, P. F.....	Virginia
BENNETT, A.....	Pennsylvania	GLAZEBROOK, L. W.....	Virginia
BIGGS, A. K.....	Virginia	GRAY, F. C.....	Pennsylvania
BROWN, E. C.....	Tennessee	GREEN, A. A.....	Florida
BUCHER, O. B.....	Virginia	HAMLIN, J. T.....	Virginia
BUCKLEY, E. A.....	New York	HARPER, P. N.....	Virginia
CHAPIN, W. E.....	Virginia	HOLT, H. W.....	Virginia
CHIEWING, J. C.....	Virginia	HUGHES, J. B.....	Virginia
CHITTUM, H. C.....	Virginia	JONES, C. H.....	New York
CLARKE, F. W.....	Georgia	LAFFERTY, F. R.....	California
COLE, J.....	Virginia	LAWSON, J. S.....	Virginia
COLE, J. E.....	Virginia	LOCKHART, G. B.....	Virginia
COLLIER, E. D.....	New Jersey	MCANERNY, J.....	New York
DAVID, R. F.....	Virginia	McGIFFERT, S. Y.....	Minnesota
DAVIE, W. B.....	Virginia	MARTIN, W. P.....	Oklahoma
DILLARD, J. W.....	Virginia	MASON, H. P.....	Virginia
DIXON, W. H.....	North Carolina	MASSIE, H. W.....	Virginia
DUFUR, W. M.....	Maryland	MICHEAUX, E. R.....	N. Carolina
ECHOLS, C. L.....	Virginia	MORGAN, W. H.....	Virginia
ETHERIDGE, F. H.....	Georgia	MORRISON, F. L.....	Texas

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1917 Class Roll—Continued

MUNCE, M. G.	Virginia	SCHOEN, E. C.	Georgia
NASH, C. P.	West Virginia	SCOTT, T. B., JR.	Virginia
NELSON, J. C., JR.	Virginia	SHEPHERD, L.	Virginia
NOELL, S. W.	Virginia	SMITH, J. K.	Massachusetts
PENDER, J. R.	North Carolina	STALLING, G.	Virginia
PENDLETON, R. S.	D. C.	STEVENSON, M. H.	W. Vir.
PERKINSON, T. R.	Virginia	STURKIE, A.	New York
PORCHER, F. D.	Missouri	THORNTON, A. L.	Virginia
PORTER, E. C.	Virginia	TOMLINSON, J. B.	Alabama
POTTS, P. M., JR.	Louisiana	WARD, J. G.	Virginia
POTTS, T. R.	Virginia	WARRICK, H. C.	West Virginia
RHEUTAN, D. E.	Virginia	WHITE, B. H.	Virginia
RING, J. K.	Tennessee	WHITING, L. S.	Virginia
RUFFNER, D. L.	West Virginia	WILSON, N.	North Carolina
SAUNDERS, C. J.	Virginia	WOOD, J. W.	Tennessee
SCHLEGEL, F. E.	Virginia		



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"Timotheus, by his music was able to reduce Alexander to tears."

O RPHEUS was some harmonious boy himself, divine Cecilia "drew an angel down," but "Homich" and his fellows had it all over the above-mentioned celebrities when, on the twenty-sixth of June, nineteen hundred and fourteen, they rendered "Auld Lang Syne." Upon the completion of this little ditty over one hundred lowly "rats" were instantly invested with all the pomp and glory of so many "mean" third classmen.

Much to our sorrow, however, our class was decreased by the usual number of "Ipso Facto Deficium" and those whose military aspirations were not sufficient to cause them to desire another year of the busy life of a "keydet." Before going further in the praise of those who have entered upon their career as third classmen, it is the duty of Seventeen to express her sorrow upon the loss of her ex-members.

After a month or so of masterful predominance of the new cadets our reign of power over the above-mentioned came to an abrupt end. No longer could we haughtily command and be obeyed. The power of the third classmen over the "rat" was forever at an end. But the spirit of Seventeen was not to be so easily quelled. Several of its members consolidated, and the result was "The Loyal Order of High-Signs." Bombs suddenly became more numerous, and it finally reached the stage where the unfortunate sentinel having "number five" was the point of attack instead of a source of prevention. Matters continued to grow worse until the dignitaries of the sub-faculty took it upon themselves to bring such actions to an end. Accordingly, one night at S. R. C., the usual command, "Those desiring to, fall out," was not given, and upon our return from our repast of the delicious growly the rooms of the third classmen looked as though they were haystacks and that someone had been searching for the proverbial needle.



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Consequently, the "sentry box" formation was put into action, much to the sorrow of "Doc" Henty and his crew. But the climax was yet to be reached. On the night of December 2, while the corporal of the guard was peacefully making his inspection, he was suddenly but not gently accosted by some members of the



above-mentioned organization and was induced to abide in the bathhouse. In the meantime other members were busy. The following morning the towers floated the Flag of 1917, and George was attired in a coat of red. Again "Doc" Henty and his strong-arm squad were put to the inconvenience of giving George his annual.

At the class meeting held in the early part of the year for the purpose of electing officers, O. B. Bucher was again unanimously elected to lead Seventeen through her trials, and in every case he has executed the duties of his office with unquestioned ability. J. T. Hamlin was elected Vice-President, and the class has never had occasion to regret its choice for this office.

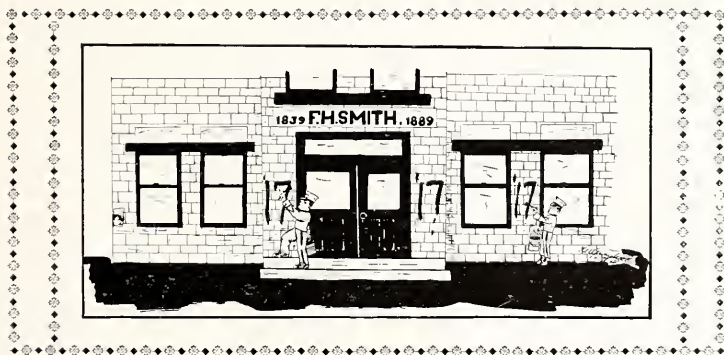
In athletics our class furnished several monogram men in all branches of the various sports. In football, Bucher at end and Nelms at half and quarter won monograms, while Clarke, Cole, Mason, Fetterolf and others did good work as substitutes. In basket-ball we furnished Fetterolf, whose works deserves special mention, also Nelms, who has shown up exceptionally all through the season.

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Both are monogram men. Barrett did good work all season, and his place on the Varsity next year is assured. In baseball, Bucher as pitcher and Hamlin at third base are sure men, while Mahone and Fetterolf have good chances for monograms.

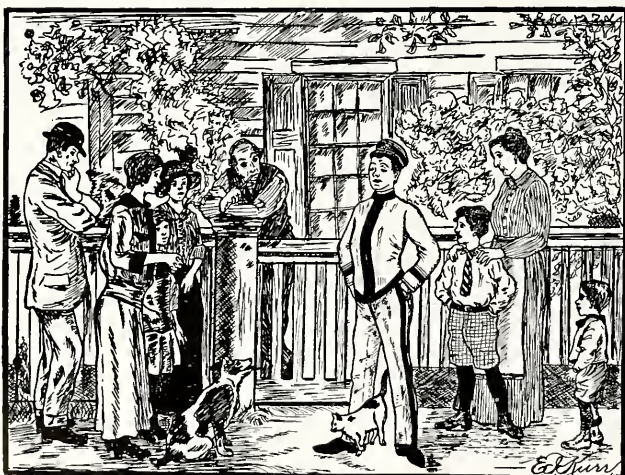
It is not in my power as Historian to adequately write of all the virtues of Seventeen. In all cadet activities the class has shown up always, willing to do more than her share. We stand together as a class, and herein lies our strength. Between the members of Seventeen there is a never-lasting friendship, which has always been a marked characteristic since our matriculation as "rats." In our coming years of cadet life may this friendship and class unity continue as it has, and when we have ceased to wear the uniform of a V. M. I. cadet and have entered into the battles of life, let us never forget our loyalty and love we now hold for old Seventeen.

HISTORIAN.





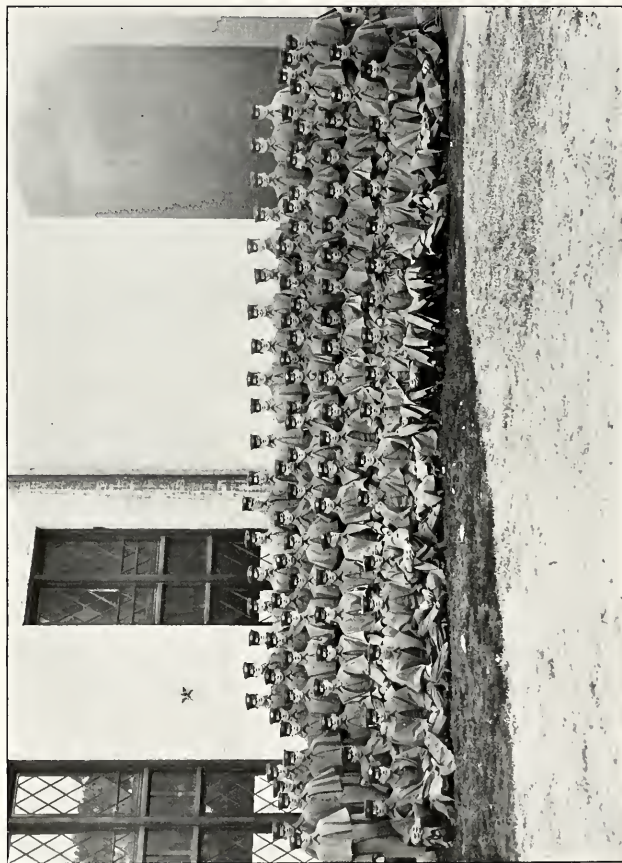
◆ BEFORE ◆



◆ AFTER ◆

CLASS OF 1918





THE FOURTH CLASS



Class of 1918

COLORS: *Black and Orange.*

Officers

H. PERCY GRAY.....	President
PEYTON J. MARSHALL.....	Vice-President
S. B. WITT.....	Historian

Class Roll

ACREE, V. B.....	Virginia	DANCE, P. R.....	Virginia
ALVERSON, H. L.....	Virginia	DAVIS, R. L.....	Louisiana
ARMISTEAD, F. V.....	Virginia	DEW, T. R.....	Virginia
BAGBY, S. L.....	Virginia	EASTWOOD, F. T.....	Virginia
BARNARD, J. H.....	Texas	EDWARDS, A. D.....	Texas
BARRAY, W. S.....	Mississippi	FIELDS, O. P.....	Texas
BELLEZZA, R. G.....	Virginia	FOY, F. H.....	Alabama
BENNETT, R. S.....	Pennsylvania	FOY, L.....	Alabama
BLAIR, A. H.....	Virginia	FRANKLIN, H. C.....	Virginia
BORDEN, T. F.....	North Carolina	GATLING, P. F.....	Virginia
BRADFORD, J. R.....	Florida	GLAZEBROOK, L. W.....	D. C.
BRATTON, T. R.....	South Carolina	GLENN, W. O.....	Virginia
BRICE, W. T.....	Virginia	GRAY, F. C.....	Virginia
BURRESS, J. W.....	Virginia	GRAY, H. P.....	Virginia
BUTLER, P. S.....	Virginia	GRANTHAM, T. D.....	N. Carolina
CAMPBELL, A. H.....	Canada	HALEY, W. A.....	Virginia
CANTRELL, C. C.....	Texas	HARNEY, J. N.....	North Carolina
CARNEAL, C. W.....	Virginia	HARRIS, J. R.....	Oklahoma
CHAMP, I. P.....	West Virginia	HARWOOD, A. H.....	Virginia
CHEWNING, J. C.....	Virginia	HAWKINS, C. T.....	West Virginia
COBB, B. B.....	North Carolina	HENSHAW, S. B.....	Virginia
COLE, S. H.....	Virginia	HERMAN, S. S.....	Virginia
COMPTON, W. B.....	Virginia	HIX, C. H.....	Virginia
CORZELIUS, F. M.....	Kentucky	HOCK, L.....	Virginia
CRUZEN, R. H.....	Missouri	HORGAN, C. J.....	Virginia
CURTIS, C.....	Virginia	HUNTER, K. C.....	Virginia
CURTIS, D.....	Virginia	HUNT, S. H.....	Virginia

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1918 Class Roll—Continued

IMBODEN, W. D.....	Texas	ROBERDEAU, H. S.....	Texas
INGRAM, S. L.....	Virginia	ROGERS, E. B.....	Virginia
JEFFRIES, F. C.....	Virginia	ROOT, W. B.....	Missouri
JONES, N. D.....	Pennsylvania	ROTHERT, M.....	Virginia
JONES, C. P.....	Alabama	SAUNDERS, J. M.....	Virginia
KESTER, W. W.....	Virginia	SCUDDER, I. C.....	Missouri
KYLE, G.....	Virginia	SUMMERS, B. W.....	Virginia
LAFFERTY, E. R.....	Virginia	SEMPLE, S. M.....	Pennsylvania
LAMB, E. B.....	Virginia	SHEPPHERD, G. F.....	Virginia
LEE, R.....	Virginia	SEIZER, J. B.....	Tennessee
LEWIS, M. M.....	Virginia	SMITH, A. B.....	Virginia
MANTOR, M.....	Texas	SPEED, W. G.....	Maryland
MARSHALL, P. J.....	Virginia	SQUIRE, J. W.....	Virginia
METCALFE, H.....	Mississippi	STILES, W. A.....	Alabama
METCALFE, W.....	Mississippi	STURKIE, A. F.....	New York
METTENHEIMER, J. M....	Texas	TAYLOR, J. M.....	Virginia
MILLER, C. B.....	North Carolina	THOMAS, J. M.....	Pennsylvania
MOORE, A. H.....	Oklahoma	THOMPSON, G. O.....	Texas
MOORE, H. R.....	Texas	THORNTON, G.....	Virginia
MORGAN, W. H.....	Virginia	TOMLINSON, J. B....	Oklahoma
MCCOMB, S. J.....	Tennessee	TOOLE, G. J.....	Georgia
MCGILL, W. M.....	Virginia	VAN DYKE, J. W....	Maryland
NEALE, E. F.....	Virginia	WARE, J. H.....	Virginia
NELSON, J. C.....	Virginia	WEST, R. G.....	Texas
NEWBERGER,	Missouri	WHITE, E. T.....	Texas
NOCK,	Virginia	WILLIAMS, J. W.....	Virginia
NOEWL, W. W.....	Virginia	WITT, S. B.....	Virginia
OAKES, L. L.....	Oklahoma	LEWIS, R.....	Texas
OWENS, W. J.....	Virginia	DUNN, R. L.....	Mississippi
PARSONS, J. W.....	Virginia	MEEKINS, C. E....	North Carolina
PATTERSON, R. K.....	Virginia	AUSTIN, F.....	Alabama
RANDOLPH, J. F.....	N. Carolina	WATSON, T. M.....	Texas
RANSON, C. F.....	Virginia	HANCOCK, N.....	Virginia
REILLEY, M. E....	North Carolina	WILLOUGHBY, W....	N. Carolina
RIPLEY, D. H.....	Texas	CUTLER, S.....	New York

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A HISTORY

1918



PON a real blue Monday in September the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Eighteen backed into Lexington, after a series of futile attempts by the Cannon Ball Express to gain the top of the hill upon which this far-famed town is situated. We were a hundred and twenty strong, but our strength left us as we came in sight of that walled prison, styled barracks. On reaching barracks we were escorted before "Auld Nick," who told us what a fine-looking set of boys we were, and turned us over to the mercy of those "mean" third classmen. Among us were many of stylish dress and walk, veritable "love pirates" and "lady killers." But when they returned from the "Q. M.'s" in "full dike," white gloves, "reg" shoes and a cap, one might say, "Certainly, Solomon in all his glory was never arrayed like one of these."

This was only a good beginning of a bad ending. We were then shown what "finning out" was and led to our cells. Later in the day came the agonies of the first drill. There were some among us who openly bragged that the military life here would be "fruit" for them, and were undecided whether to take Adjutant or First Captain if it were offered them. They had seen service elsewhere. But the majority of us, who had only been spectators at parades, quaked throughout our bodies. For hours we "right-hand saluted" and "about faced," but all of us, even those "veterans," such as I have just mentioned, found it nothing short of divine to suit a newly-made corporal. For weeks we drilled and roamed as a pack of sheep, and, as usually is the case with the "rat" class at V. M. I., were dubbed the "grossest rats that ever came to V. M. I."

One will never forget the first meal at V. M. I.; the big corporal who adorned the head of the table, V. M. I. "growly," and the other rudiments of a menu *a la* mess hall.

Foot ball practice started soon, and we furnished three letter men, H. Gray, Marshall and Speed. It was through their Herculean efforts that we enjoyed an evening of freedom. V. M. I. defeated Gallaudet after a very exciting finish, and as we entered the Jackson arch these most pleasing and unexpected words reached

19 BOMB 15

our ears, "Drop those hands, mister." We needed no second urging. Our spirit could not be restrained, so we completely crushed the first thing in our way—that terrible insignia of guard duty. For one night at least we were old cadets, and it felt fine.

In basket ball we furnished Marshall, while Hock also showed up well in the final average.

In December we were given our first taste of battle. It had snowed all the night before and stopped just before that rude awakening at six-fifteen. On the return from dinner the "rats" of Companies "A, B and C" were arrayed against those of "D, E and F." Both sides fought gallantly. Hats were crushed under foot and the combatants rolled around in the snow in the efforts for victory. It was finally ended, much to the disgust of the "old cadets," who seemed to enjoy it immensely, by "General Dulaney" and his bugle. Both sides, however, claimed the victory.

Then came Christmas with the many "boxes" and the life of an old member for a day, during which some of our "brother rats" waltzed around the stoops attired as the lily in the field. But this was only for a day, and in January came "ye review."

It was a long and hard battle, but we came out victorious, leaving several dead or dying on the field of battle. But they died honorably.

Before this struggle, however, we elected H. Percy Gray of Richmond, Va., "commander-in-chief" of our forces, and Peyton J. Marshall of Winchester, Va., as "first aid-de-camp." With these two to plan our campaigns and to look after our welfare, you may expect to hear from us in the future.

HISTORIAN.





Who Was the Fool?

That evening Mr. Ralph Conrad was shown into the reception room at the school of the Seven Sisters. Miss Dorris De Vere was seated at a table in the far corner of the room busily mastering the contents of a well-worn book.

"Why, hello!" he greeted. "Studying French and all alone?"

"Yes, as usual, studying French," she replied as she extended both her hands to meet him. "Do you know anything at all about French, Ralph?"

"Why, sure. Let's see—Amo, Amas, Amat. How is that?"

"You idiot!" she cried between outbursts of laughter, "that is the Latin word for love, not the French."

He scratched his head in deep meditation. "Well, it's a cinch it's not Greek to me."

And they kissed again.

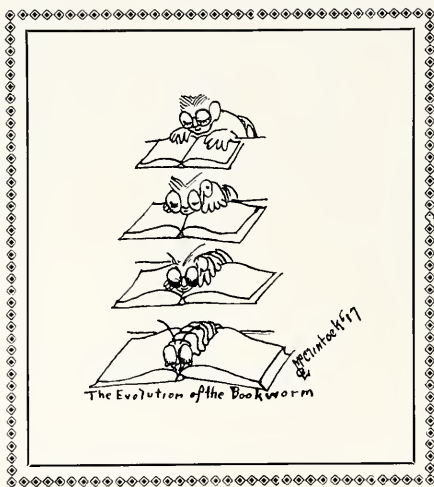
The following morning, Saturday, to be precise, Mr. Ralph Conrad of Lansing, Michigan, was busily scanning the morning paper from the States over his last cup of coffee in the saloon of the Plaza. Suddenly his eye brightened as he nervously gripped the paper in his clenched fingers and brought it closer to his eyes. With an oath he threw the paper down and rushed from the room.

The waiter who had waited on Mr. Conrad's table, when off duty after the breakfast meal, read in the same paper the following brief dispatch that had been printed in the New York paper from Paris, and had the audacity to chuckle to himself:

MYSTERY SURROUNDS SEVEN SISTERS

Miss Dorris De Vere, a young American student at the convent of the Seven Sisters, has mysteriously disappeared. Miss De Vere retired early last night, and was only disturbed by a messenger who brought her a small pink envelope. No trace of Miss De Vere has been found nor that of the pink envelope, which was addressed in pale violet ink.

The paper the next morning contained the following. The waiter chuckled chuckled again, and Mr. Conrad had not returned.



ACADEMIC
DEPARTMENT

Civil Engineering



COLONEL THOMAS ARCHER JONES
B. S., C. E.

ALLISON

BEASLEY, O. H.

BOWERING

BOYKIN

CAMMER

CAMPBELL, A. G.

DAVIS, J. E.

DAVIS, W. L.

ECHOLS

GRIFFIN

HOLTZMAN

HUMPHREYS

LEWIS, W. P.

PARSONS, W. P.

PARSONS, X.

SMITH, H. L.

SOMERS

SPESSARD

WALLACE

WELTON

Electrical Engineering



COLONEL FRANCIS MALLORY
C. E.

ALMOND
BAIN
BATTEN
CONWAY
COUPLAND
CRAIG
ELLYSON
GARING
HAGAN, J. A.
HAGAN, W. C.
HITT
KIDD

LEWIS, S. O.
MARSHALL, R. J.
MASSIE
McCORMICK
PARKS
PETROSS
WATSON
WATT
WELLFORD
WISE
WYSOR
YODER

Chemical Engineering



COLONEL HUNTER PENDLETON
M.A., Ph.D

ARMS

BROOKS

REMBERT

WILLIAMS

MCLEAN



COLONEL ROBERT THOMAS KERLIN
M. A., Ph. D.

Liberal Arts

BAUGHAM
BELL
CARSON
ETHERIDGE
HEPNER
JOHNS
LOWERY
MAXWELL
MERRY
MUNDAY
NORFLEET



COLONEL JENNINGS C. WISE
B. S., LL. B.



In the Section Room

Sometimes in the section room, when the Spring is in the air,
You forget your "daily duties"; the "sub" up in the chair.
Your mind begins to wander, and your thoughts begin to roam,
And you gaze upon your bench, initialed to the bone.

At first you see it battered up, well worn and full of lines,
It's scarred and cut, with names and dates, and different kinds of signs,
And there you sit and ponder, as the lesson slips away,
Upon the men who cut those names, and where they are today.
Some left before their time was up, while others saw it thru,
But still they carved their 'initials deep, for Keydets such as you,
To see they loved the barracks with its massive walls of stone,
And its corner section rooms, where they use to have to bone.

Where are they now? you wonder, as the minutes slip on by,
And what have they done in this world of men? you softly sigh.
Some have had the Wanderlust and ranged the wide world over,
An' combed the beach from zone to zone, from Hongkong up to Dover.
They've worked at every hard job, "Roughnecks" in the ditch,
But when it came to a showdown, they'd put up every stitch.
Though some of 'em died busted, they went their way like men,
And people were glad they knew them, and glad to call them "Friend."
But others graduated, and they went the other way,
For when they spun Dame Fortune's wheel they got a different pay.
Instead of drifting 'round the earth, they climbed the steps of Life,
And held down influential jobs thru every kind of strife.
You'll find in every position, throughout this great wide land,
One who stands above the others, that's a V. M. I. man.

Thus, as you sit and ponder on the marks the woodwork shows,
"Du" comes slowly up the walk, and his bugle loudly blows,
And you know you're not forgotten, for you got another "bone,"
And drills you'll walk some afternoon, for dreaming all alone.

J. B.—'15.

MILITARY
DEPARTMENT



CAPT. MILLER



CAPT. MAYO



CAPT. ANDERSON



CAPT. PURDIE, ADJUTANT



COL. BYRD, COMMANDANT



MAJ. ANDERSON



CAPT. GAYLE



CAPT. LEECH



CAPT. MURRILL

TACTICAL OFFICERS



TACTICAL OFFICERS

COLONEL GEORGE R. BYRD

*First Lieutenant, Seventeenth Infantry, U. S. A.
Commandant of Cadets*

CAPTAIN B. DAVIS MAYO

Instructor in Topography and Tactical Officer Company "C"

CAPTAIN CHARLES G. MILLER

Instructor Signal Corps and Tactical Officer Company "B"

CAPTAIN JAMES A. ANDERSON

Instructor Gallery Practice and Tactical Officer Company "D"

CAPTAIN LLOYD L. LEECH

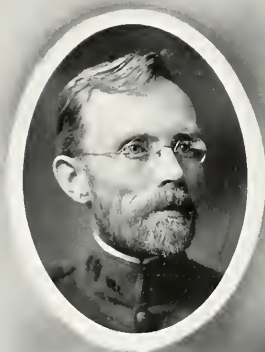
Range Instructor and Tactical Officer Company "E"

CAPTAIN LESTER T. GAYLE

Instructor Artillery and Tactical Officer Company "A"

CAPTAIN HUGH A. MURRILL

*Instructor Butts Manual and Bayonet Exercise and Tactical
Officer Company "F"*



MAJ. J.W. McCLUNG



MAJ. O.H. McCLUNG



MAJOR E.A. SALE



CAPT. L.E. STEELE

MILITARY STAFF



MILITARY STAFF

MAJOR J. W. MCCLUNG

Treasurer

MAJOR O. HUNTER MCCLUNG

Surgeon

MAJOR ERNEST A. SALE

Quartermaster and Commissary and Military Storekeeper

CAPTAIN KENNETH S. PURDIE

Adjutant

CAPTAIN LEWIS E. STEELE

Assistant Military Storekeeper

Other Officers

COLONEL JOSEPH R. ANDERSON

Historiographer

MISS NELLIE TRACY GIBBS

Librarian



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS



COMMISSIONED OFFICERS

C. R. CAMMER.....	Captain Company "A"
R. H. SPESSARD.....	Captain Company "B"
J. M. BAIN.....	Captain Company "E"
W. L. HITT.....	Captain Company "C"
J. E. DAVIS.....	Captain Company "D"
R. E. WYSOR, JR.....	Captain Company "F"
G. WATT.....	First Lieutenant and Adjutant
N. H. MASSIE.....	First Lieutenant Company "A"
W. E. KIDD.....	First Lieutenant Company "E"
W. B. LEWIS.....	First Lieutenant Company "F"
R. J. MARSHALL.....	First Lieutenant Company "C"
C. H. CARSON.....	First Lieutenant Company "D"
B. BOWERING.....	First Lieutenant Company "B"
W. CRAIG.....	Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster
E. M. ALMOND.....	Second Lieutenant Company "F"
C. B. COXWAY.....	Second Lieutenant Company "D"
A. G. CAMPBELL.....	Second Lieutenant Company "B"
C. D. JOHNS, JR.....	Second Lieutenant Company "C"
V. L. SOMERS.....	Second Lieutenant Company "A"
S. O. LEWIS.....	Second Lieutenant Company "E"



W. CRAIG

Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster



G. WATT

First Lieutenant and Adjutant



W. B. LEWIS, JR.

Sergeant-Major

STAFF



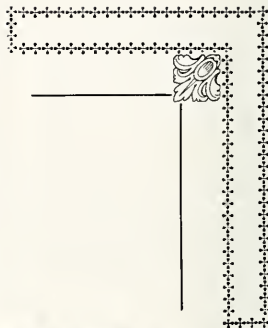
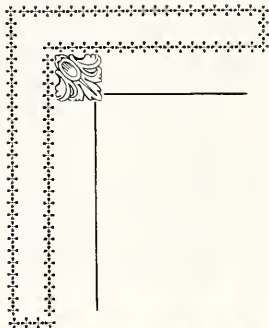
MISS BARBARA ALLEN SPENCER
Virginia
Sponsor for the Staff

Staff Officers

G. WATT.....*First Lieutenant and Adjutant*
W. CRAIG.....*Second Lieutenant and Quartermaster*
W. B. LEWIS, JR.....*Sergeant-Major*

Staff Privates

H. L. SMITH.....*First Military Secretary*
J. F. HEPNER.....*Second Military Secretary*



MISS LELA RICHARD
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "A"

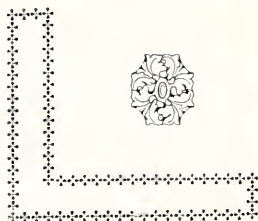


First Lieutenant
N. H. MASSIE

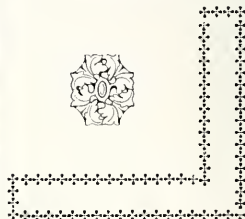
Company
"A"

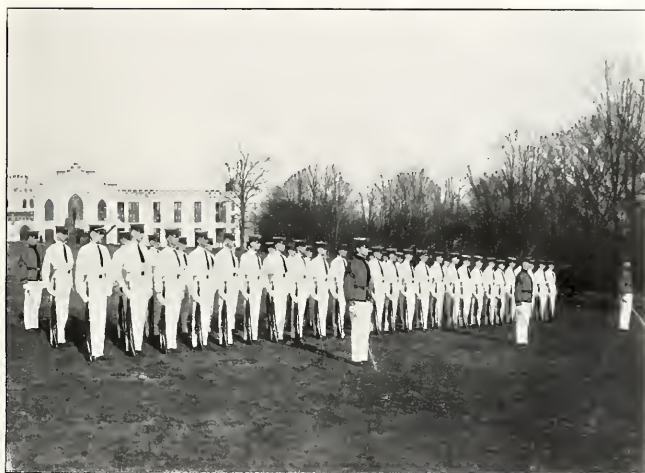


Second Lieutenant
V. L. SOMERS



Captain C. R. CAMMER





Company "A"

Officers

C. R. CAMMER.....Captain
 N. H. MASSIE.....First Lieutenant
 V. L. SOMERS.....Second Lieutenant
 J. B. HOLMES.....First Sergeant

Sergeants

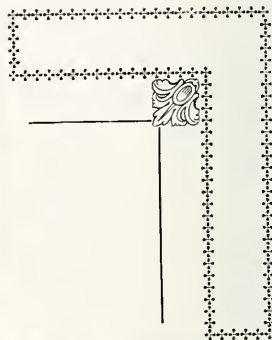
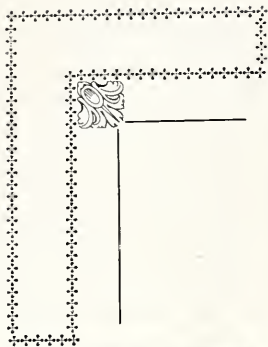
GOODMAN LOHMEYER PITTS, L. BREWSTER

Corporals

BUCHER LEGGETT COLLIER DILLARD, W. CHITTUM

Privates

ACREE	BERRY	FISHBURNE	MILLNER	SEMMES
ALLISON	CANTRELL	FOY, L.	MILLER, J.	SKINNER
AMORY	CHAMPE	FUGATE	MOORE, A.	SNEAD
BAGBY	CHEWNING	GARING	NELMS	STILES
BANCROFT	COMPTON	GLENN	RANDOLPH	TOMLINSON
BARNARD	CUTLER	JONES, G.	RHEUTAN	VAN DYKE
BARRETT	DANCE	KAROW	ROGERS	WELTON
BEASLEY, O.	DEGRAFF	MARSHALL, P.	ROOT	WHITE, B.
BENNERS	DIXON	MAXWELL	SCOTT	WILSON

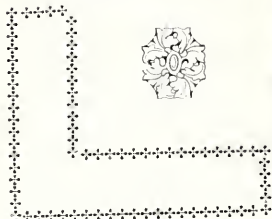


MISS EDMONIA GARRETT
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "B"

Company
"B"



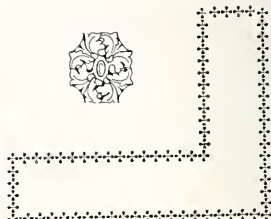
First Lieutenant
B. BOWERING



Captain R. H. SPESSARD



Second Lieutenant
A. G. CAMPBELL





Company "B"

Officers

R. H. SPESSARD.....Captain
 B. BOWERING.....First Lieutenant
 A. G. CAMPBELL.....Second Lieutenant
 W. M. WHITTLE.....First Sergeant

Sergeants

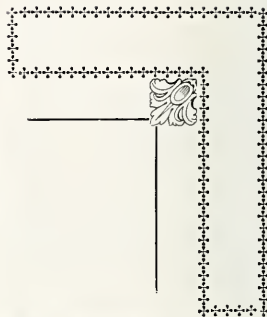
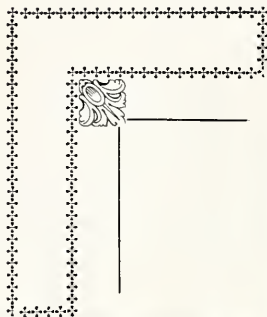
PITTS, J. HIX PAUL

Corporals

NASH McANERNY BURACKER, S. PENDLETON HOLT

PRIVATES

BELLEZA	FIELD, O.	LEE	RIPLEY
BOYKIN, R.	FRANKLIN	LEWIS, S.	ROBERLEAU
BRADFORD, J.	GATLING	MANTOR	SAUNDERS
BRATTON	GRAY, F.	MARTIN, C.	SIMPLE
BRUCE	GROVER	MASSIE, H.	SEBRELL
BULKLEY	HARNEY	McHUGH	SMITH, J.
BURRESS	HARPER	McLEAN	THOMPSON
CALDWELL	HARMAN	NEALE	THORNTON, G.
CHAPIN, W.	HOCK	PARKS	TADER
CURTISS, C.	HORGAN	PATTERSON	WEST
EASTWOOD	HUNT	PERKINSON	WILLIAMS, T.
ETHERIDGE, C.	KIRK	REMBERT	



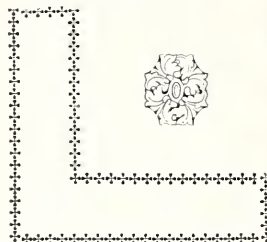
MISS MABEL LEWIS HITT
Virginia
Sponsor Company "C"



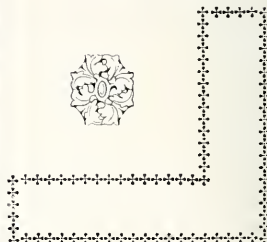
First Lieutenant
R. J. MARSHALL

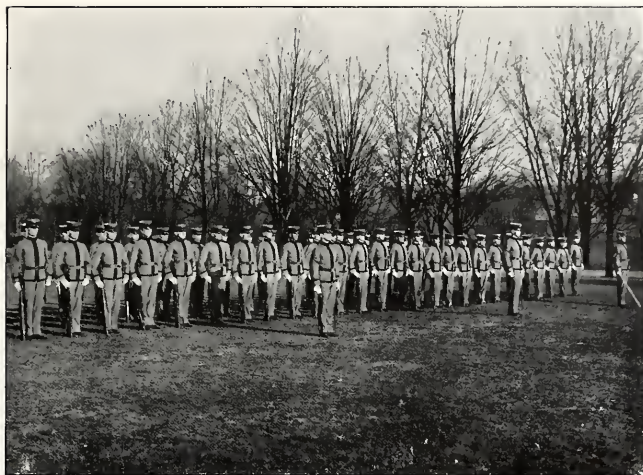


Second Lieutenant
C. D. JOHNS, JR.



Captain W. L. HITT





Company "C"

Officers

W. L. HITT.....Captain
 R. J. MARSHALL.....First Lieutenant
 C. D. JOHNS, JR.....Second Lieutenant
 V. R. GILLESPIE.....First Sergeant

Sergeants

B. D. AYERS M. A. R. LOTH C. J. COLLINS

Corporals

MUNCE PORTER FETTEROLF SCHLEGEL BARNES

Privates

ADAMS	DILLARD, J.	LAWSON	SMITH, A.
ARMISTEAD, F.	DREWERY	METCALFE, H.	SQUIRE
BLAIR	DUNCAN	METCALFE, W.	STEVENSON
BORDEN	ECHOLS, C.	METTENHEIMER	STURCKE
BOYKIN, M.	FRIEDMAN	NELSON	WARD
BROOKS	GESSNER	PETROSS	WHITE, E.
CARROLL	HAFTER	PORCHER	WHITE, G.
COLE, H.	HALEY	REILLY	WILLIAMS, J.
COLE, J.	HICKS	RING	WISE
CRUZEN	JONES, W.	SCUDDER	WITT
DEW	LAMB	SIZER	YODER



THE COLORS

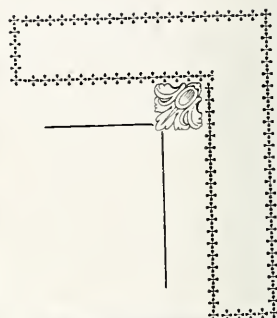
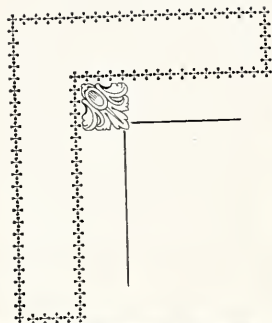
Color Sergeants

De BUTTS
LOHMEYER



THE COLORS

Color Guards
BEASLEY, O
COUPLAND



MISS MARIE ARCHER
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "D"

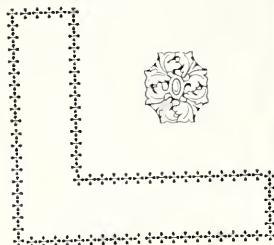


First Lieutenant
C. H. CARSON

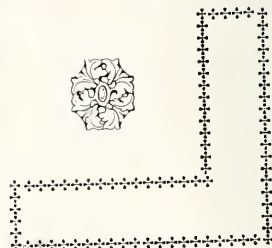
Company
"D"



Second Lieutenant
C. B. CONWAY



Captain J. E. DAVIS





Company "D"

Officers

J. E. DAVIS.....Captain
 C. H. CARSON.....First Lieutenant
 C. B. CONWAY.....Second Lieutenant
 J. C. SANBERRY.....First Sergeant

Sergeants

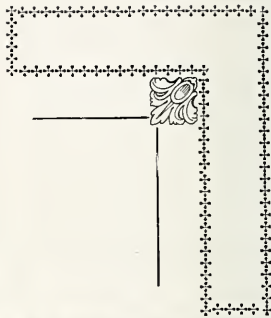
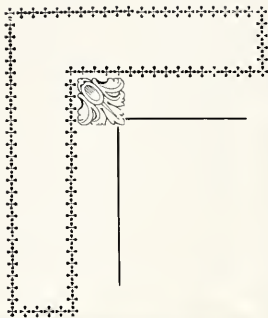
BRADFORD, W. McCORMICK, L. THOMAS, C.

Corporals

CLARKE WHITING POTTS, T. THORNTON, A. DUFUR

Privates

ARMISTEAD, M.	FECHHEIMER	LOWERY, W.	SEAMAN
AUSTIN	FIELD, W.	LYNE	SHEPARD, F.
BARRY	GRAY, H.	MARTIN, W.	THOMAS, J.
BAUGHAM	HAGAN, J.	MASON, M.	VAUGHAN
BELL, F.	HAGAN, W.	McDOWELL	WALLACE
BURTON	HART	MICHIE	WALKER
CAMPBELL, W.	HUGHES	MILLER, B.	WARREN
CHAPIN, C.	INGRAM	MOORE, L.	WARWICK
CHRISTIAN	JONES, C.	MORGAN	WATSON, T.
COBB	JONES, P.	MORRIS	WELLFORD
CUMMING	KYLE	MUNDAY	WILLOUGHBY
DAVIS, W.	LAFFERTY, E.	NOELL, W.	WOOD
ETHERIDGE, F.	LEWIS, M.	PARSONS, W.	



MISS KATHLEEN BAIN
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "E"

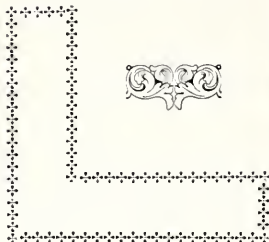


First Lieutenant
W. E. KIDD

Company
"E"



Second Lieutenant
S. O. LEWIS



Captain J. M. BAIN





Company "E"

Officers

J. M. BAIN.....Captain
 W. E. KIDD.....First Lieutenant
 S. O. LEWIS.....Second Lieutenant
 S. M. HEFLIN.....First Sergeant

Sergeants

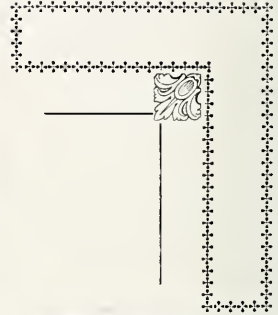
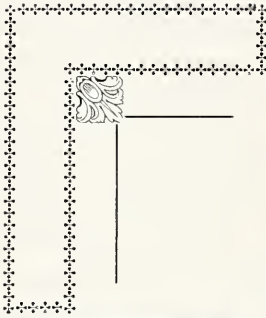
READ BURKS GEYER

Corporals

COLE, E. MASON, H. MCGIFFERT SAUNDERS, C. BEASLEY, T.

Privates

BRIGGS	FOY, F.	KESTER	PARSONS, J.
CAMPBELL	FRARY	MAHONE	PARSONS, N.
CARNEAL	FRASER	McGILL	RANSOM
COLBURN	GRIFFIN	McKAY	ROBINSON
CORZELIUS	GROOVER	MICHEAUX	SCHOEN
COSBY	GOODWIN	MILLS	SMITH, H.
COUCH	HARWOOD	MITCHELL, S.	SPEED
CURTIS, D.	HAWKINS	MORRISON	STALLING
ECHOLS, F.	HUNTER	NEALE, F.	SHEPHERD, L.
EDWARDS	HYLAND	NEWBERGER	WARE
ELLYSON	JEFFRIES	OLD	
EWING	JONES, N.	OWENS	



MISS SARAH J. BELL
Virginia
Sponsor for Company "F"



First Lieutenant
W. B. LEWIS

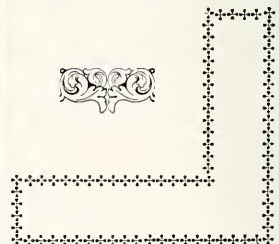
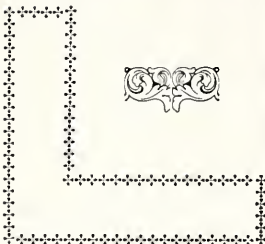
Company
"F"



Captain R. E. WYSOR, JR.



Second Lieutenant
E. M. ALMOND





Company "F"

Officers

R. E. WYSOR.....	Captain
W. B. LEWIS.....	First Lieutenant
E. M. ALMOND.....	Second Lieutenant
J. M. McCLELLAN.....	First Sergeant

Sergeants

DEBUTTS LUNT MOORE, R. DEGRAFF

Corporals

RUFFNER BROWN, E. LAFFERTY HAMLIN PENDER

Privates

ARMS	GAILLARD	LOCKHART	ROTHERT
BATTEN	GLAZEBROOK	MCComb	STEELE
BLOW	GRANTHAM	McCORMICK, E.	TAYLOR
BROWN, C.	GUSTAVESON	MERRY	TINSLEY
BURACKER, W.	HANCOCK	MOORE, H.	TRUSLOW
COUPLAND	HARRIS	NOCK	TYNES
DAVID	HENSHAW	NOELL	WATSON, H.
DAVIS, R.	HUMPHREYS	NORFLEET	VAN SANT
DRISCOLL	HOLTZMAN	OAKES	ZEA
DUNN	IMBODEN	POTTS, P.	
DURANT	LEWIS, R.	RICH	



Headquarters

Virginia Military Institute

April 29, 1914.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 123.

1. Fifty years ago the following order was issued from these headquarters:

Headquarters

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

May 11, 1864.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 18.

1. Under the orders of Major General John C. Breckenridge, commanding department of Western Virginia, the corps of cadets and a section of artillery will forthwith take up the line of march for Staunton, Va., under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Scott Shipp. The cadets will carry with them two days' ration.
2. Captain J. C. Whitwell will accompany the expedition as assistant quartermaster and commissary, and will see that the proper transportation, etc., is supplied.
3. Surgeon R. L. Madison and Assistant Surgeon George Ross will accompany the expedition and attend to the care of the sick and wounded.
4. Captain T. M. Semmes is assigned to temporary duty on the staff of the commanding officer.

By order of Major General F. H. Smith.

J. H. MORRISON,
Acting Adjutant, V. M. I.



2. After this long interval the following order from the same headquarters is now issued :

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 123.

1. The corps of cadets under command of Colonel J. C. Wise, commandant, will take up the line of march for New Market, Va., promptly at 7.30 A. M., Friday, May 8, 1914.

2. Major E. A. Sale, quartermaster and commissary, will see that the proper transportation is supplied and that adequate field rations are furnished.

3. Quartermaster and Commissary Sergeant Ashburne will accompany the expedition as acting quartermaster and commissary.

4. Major O. H. McClung, surgeon, will accompany the expedition and will provide proper ambulance facilities.

5. Captain B. D. Mayo and Captain S. M. Millner are assigned to temporary duty on the staff of the commanding officer.

By order of Brigadier General Nichols.

K. S. PURDIE,

Captain and Adjutant, V. M. I.



Headquarters
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

April 30, 1914.

GENERAL ORDERS

No. 124.

In honor of our heroic dead the names of camps in order of march to New Market shall be as follows:

1. Camp Haynes-Wheelwright, in honor of Cadets L. C. Haynes and J. C. Wheelwright of Virginia, Fourth class, killed in battle, New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.
2. Camp C. G. Crockett, in honor of Cadet C. G. Crockett of Virginia, Fourth class, killed in battle, New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.
3. Camp H. J. Jones, in honor of Cadet H. J. Jones of Virginia, Fourth class, killed in battle, New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.



4. Camp T. G. Jefferson, in honor of Cadet T. G. Jefferson of Virginia, Fourth class, killed in battle, New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.
5. Camp J. B. Stannard, in honor of Cadet J. B. Stannard of Virginia, Fourth class, killed in battle, New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.
6. Camp W. H. McDowell, in honor of Cadet W. H. McDowell of North Carolina, Fourth class, killed in battle, New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.
7. Camp Cabell-Atwill, in honor of Cadet First Sergeant W. H. Cabell of Virginia, Second class, and Cadet Corporal S. F. Atwill of Virginia, Third class, killed in battle, New Market, Va., May 15, 1864.

By command of Brigadier General Nichols.

K. S. PURDIE,
Captain and Adjutant, V. M. I.

Headquarters Corps of Cadets
VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

Lexington, Va., May 3, 1914.

ORDERS No. 172.

1. Pursuant to general orders No. 123, Virginia Military Institute, April 29, 1914, the battalion will form in field service uniform, Friday, May 8th.

First Call.....7.15 A. M.

Assembly7.25 A. M.

2. * * * * *

3. The old guard will be relieved at first call for the special formation. Guard mount will be omitted. The new guard will be mounted upon arrival in camp.

4. Company commanders will designate a quartermaster sergeant for their respective companies, who will accompany their individual company wagons on the march and be responsible for all property issued their company.

5. The battalion quartermaster will cause twelve wall tents complete, two picks, two spades, and six mallets to be issued each company, and secure memorandum receipts therefor from company commanders.

6. Blanket rolls will include shelter halves or mattress covers, one blanket, one slicker, extra pair of shoes, grey shirt, at least one change of underclothes, and two pair of socks, towels and toilet articles.

7. First sergeants will cause six cleaning rods to be carried in their company wagons, and each cadet should provide himself with a tube of gun grease.

8. Upon reaching camp each day a detail of three (3) men from each company will report to the battalion quartermaster for general fatigue. * * *

9. No cadet will leave camp until after officers' and first sergeants' calls when instructions for the day will be issued.

10. Officers will provide themselves with memorandum books, pencils and whistles, but will not wear swords.

11. * * * * *

12. * * * * *

13. Camp will be made on the 8th, one mile south of Fairfield, in the field of W. M. Lee, and will be known as Camp Haynes-Wheelwright.

14. Captain James M. Potter, Massachusetts National Guard, will accompany the battalion, and will be afforded every facility for observing and reporting upon the field service of the corps of cadets to the adjutant general of Massachusetts.

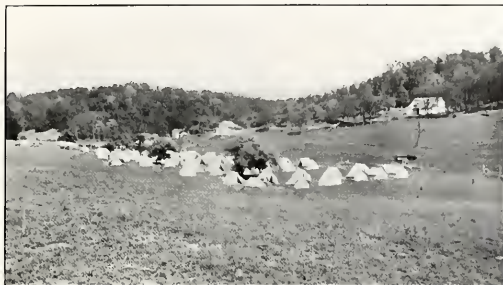
By order of Col. Wise.

EDGAR NASH,

Cadet Adjutant.



HIKE VIEWS



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First day out.

Pursuant to the foregoing orders, the command, consisting of the cadet battalion, six companies, 328 men, with a wagon train of eleven wagons and two ambulances, marched from barracks and established Camp Haynes-Wheelwright in the field of W. M. Lee, on the east side of the pike, one mile south of the village of Fairfield, about 11.00 A. M. The day was fair and warm, but the roads were heavy from a rain during the night before. During the afternoon the cadets visited Fairfield and played ball among other numerous pastimes. Haltzman and Carson took a sudden fancy to green calico. A shoe race was held on the hillside west of camp that night with five entries from each company. Company "B" won the prize of a freezer of ice cream. The camp was a beautiful one in a large grassy meadow. One cadet fell out with heat prostration during the march. Distance, 11 miles.

Second day out.

Reveille was sounded at 6.03 A. M. on the 9th. Breakfast was ready at 6.30, and the general was sounded at 7.15. At 7.30 the command marched for Greenville, 13½ miles distant. Camp Crockett was established about noon on the hill opposite the depot on the west side of Greenville. The day was pleasant and the roads dry. A game of baseball was played with the local stars, the cadets being victorious. No casualties. Taps 10.00 P. M.

Third day out.

Sunday the command marched eleven (11) miles under an overcast sky to Camp H. J. Jones, which was pitched on a beautiful rolling pasture two miles south of Staunton. Dinner was ready by noon, and the cadets were given liberty of the town until retreat. Many visited the Staunton Military Academy and enjoyed the luxury of a plunge in the pool there. At 7.00 P. M. Dr. A. M. Fraser of Staunton held religious services at camp, which all cadets were required to attend. Casualties: Holderby and Coupland seriously injured by running the block. Taps 10.00 P. M. It was at this camp that the New Market battle flag was displayed for the first time.

Fourth day out.

May 11th the camp was struck at 7.15 A. M., and the march resumed through Staunton. Upon reaching the outskirts of the town the corps was reformed and marched through the town along the main business streets, then past Stuart Hall and Mary Baldwin Seminary. The girls of both schools were out in full force and gave the cadets a rousing reception as they passed. The school buildings were gaily decorated with the Confederate and U. S. flags. The march over the Macadam Valley pike to Mount Sidney was a trying one. The sun beat down relentlessly, and before reaching the end of the march another cadet fell out with prostration. After a march of fourteen miles (14) Camp T. G. Jefferson was pitched in the meadow on the east side of the pike. Guests in camp were Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, Mrs. Phipps, Mrs. Kean and Mrs. Harry Langhorne, who were touring the valley with their father, Mr. Chille Langhorne of Richmond. The party lunched at headquarters.

Fifth day out.

An early get-away was made on the 12th, but the heat at 7.00 A. M., when the march was resumed, was intense. There was no shade along the pike for rests, so another cadet went down. Camp was made, however, about 11.00 A. M., after a march of fourteen (14) miles, at Stone Spring, two miles south of Harrisonburg, and liberty to visit the town until retreat was given the corps. During the afternoon and evening great throngs of people walked, rode and drove out to see Camp J. B. Stannard.

Sixth day out.

On the 13th camp was broken at 7.30 A. M., and at 8.00 A. M. the corps was received by the local camp of Confederate Veterans and the fire brigade in their red shirts at the southern limits of the town. The parade passed down the main street, the houses along which were decorated, to the corner of Market street, and turning westward ended at the Woodbine Cemetery. Here the corps was formed





in line and fired three volleys over the graves of Major Latimer, V. M. I. '61, and Colonel Gibbons, V. M. I. '57, and O. B. Roller, V. M. I. '76. The parade was a great success, and at 9.45 A. M. the march was resumed. As the Massanutten Mountain came into view the commandant pointed out the location of Cross Keys and Port Republic, where two of Jackson's battles were fought. On the 13th there were evidences of the rainstorm which seemed about due, and before reaching the selected site for the next camp, Camp McDowell, at Lacey's Spring, the commandant decided to have dinner served there, allow the men a rest of two hours, and then push on with a forced march into New Market. Accordingly, the commissary train was brought up from the rear and sent on ahead, and when the corps arrived at 1.30 P. M. dinner was immediately served. At 5.45 the main body arrived at Camp Cabell-Atwill, on the west slope of Shirley's Hill, after marching twenty-two miles and engaging in a tiresome street parade. The rate of march for the last ten miles was 3.6 miles per hour, and the corps reached camp cheering and pitched tents in fifteen minutes. The camp was a beautiful one and almost



on the ground traversed by the Cadets of '64. Just as supper call blew the rain cloud burst, but soon blew over, leaving, however, a very wet and disagreeable condition of affairs.

Early on the 14th camp was policed and arrangements made for the crowd soon to gather. The cadets were given liberty throughout the day, guard mount being held at 7.00 P. M. The band arrived during the afternoon from Lexington. The old cadets were mingling with comrades of '64 and visited camp, among those being Sir Moses Ezekiel, dining at headquarters. Cadets were allowed to attend a reception given them by the ladies of the town, and taps were put off until 11.00 P. M.

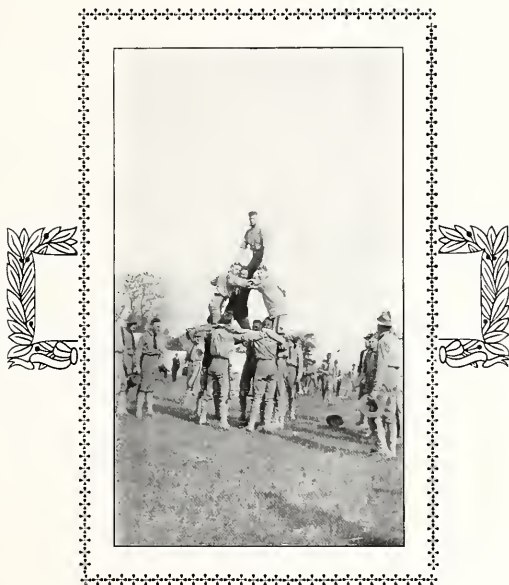
At 9.00 A. M. on the 15th the corps was formed under arms, and, followed by a great concourse of spectators, including the New Market Cadets, went over the route traversed by the battalion in the battle of 1864. At various points of vantage the commandant called a halt and explained the position and movements of the two forces engaged. The spot where each cadet was felled was explained and pointed out with great accuracy, and agreed in every respect with the account recently published by him. Upon arriving at the site occupied in 1864 by the fence behind which the corps lay just north of the Bushong house, and where it suffered most, two volleys were fired to mark the position where the cadets first opened fire in the battle. The charge was then sounded and the battalion with fixed bayonets rushed forward as a man over the identical ground traversed by the cadets. The charge ended at the position where the two guns of Van Kleister's battery were taken.

After the charge the battalion was reformed and marched to the front of the Bushong house, where short addresses were delivered by Capt. B. A. Collona, Dr. J. N. Upshur, Sir Moses Ezekiel and Preston Cocke, Esq., all New Market cadets. The opening and closing benedictions were rendered by the Rev. C. C. Randolph, who was desperately wounded in the charge of the cadets within thirty yards of the spot where he then stood.

Upon the conclusion of these brief ceremonies the corps returned to camp by way of the town, in which it was warmly greeted. After dinner the men were again at liberty until 4.00 P. M., at which time the corps was marched through the town again to the Lutheran Cemetery, where three volleys were fired over the graves of the Confederate dead at the conclusion of the address by the Hon. Samuel W. Williams.

At 7.00 P. M. battalion parade was held in the meadow in rear of camp. It was watched by a great crowd of people and was as fine a parade as any seen in Lexington on the home ground. The companies moved by in review in perfect alignment, and not an incident marred the spectacle. The band then rendered a concert in front of the headquarters tent, as it had done the night before, and it was long after dark before the crowd dispersed.

Camp was struck at 7.15 A. M. on the 16th, and after marching one and one-half miles to the depot, loading the horses on cattle cars and the wagon trains on flats, the train pulled out for Lexington at 10.15 A. M. It consisted of one baggage car, four flats, three stock cars and seven passenger coaches. Travel rations were served for dinner, and at 4.00 P. M. the corps detrained at East Lexington, while a detail of eighteen men went on to Lexington to unload the wagon trains and horses. Retreat was held at 6.30 P. M., and the regular routine resumed,



after all hands had visited the showers once more—a luxury conspicuous in its absence during a period of nine eventful days. Thus ended the longest, most interesting and most successful trip the corps has taken in recent years. Instructive from a military standpoint, as comfortable as field conditions would permit, and as interesting as the occasion which brought it about could make it, the members of the 1914 corps of cadets will long remember the Fiftieth Anniversary New Market Celebration.





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Poague in the Wilderness

By COLONEL JENNINGS C. WISE

IT is not the writer's purpose to dwell upon the career of the late lamented William T. Poague, however tempting his brilliant record may be. As a man his beautiful character is well known to his contemporaries, who witnessed it grow fuller, gentler, and sweeter with the passing of years.

Often, as I conversed with this man, the delicacy of whose nature, the clearness of whose mind, the purity of whose life, and the stamina of whose character, were all exceptional, I could note a flash from his softening eye which seemed as a momentary reflection of the sun of other days. There was about him an air of quiet repose, too dignified to find its source in resignation, but springing more from the peace and contentment of his noble soul. Occasionally, I say, there spread over his countenance an expression which close scrutiny centered in the light of his eye, an expression which appeared now and then as he recalled to mind the stirring events surrounding the military career of his youth. The meaning of that look was unknown to me until step by step I placed together the scattered record of his deeds, and then I understood. Of one incident in his career alone I shall write, an incident which has never been presented in history in the fullness which it merits. It shall not be one of his many heroic deeds when as a lieutenant in, and then as the commander of, the gallant Rock-bridge artillery he followed the fortunes of Jackson in the Valley, to Sharpsburg and to Chancellorsville. Nor will it be that unparalleled march through rain, and mud, and snow, by which he brought his command to the field of Fredericksburg. These exploits were superb, but others vied with him in such deeds. It was in the sombre wilderness of Spottsylvania that Poague loomed up pre-eminent against the sky of Southern chivalry.

19 BOMB 15

When the battle of the 5th of May, 1864, closed, Ewell's and Hill's corps had already formed a junction at a point about halfway between Parker's store and the Orange turnpike, and Poague's battalion was well up on the firing line. Longstreet had been ordered to make a forced march during the night in order to arrive upon the field before dawn. All through the night Hill's advanced troops, who had maintained themselves so resolutely during the day against Hancock's six divisions, heard the enemy preparing to renew the attack in the morning, but worn and much disorganized by the fighting of the previous day, and expecting Longstreet to relieve them during the night, the infantry failed to prepare for the impending blow. But not so with Poague's battalion on the ridge in the clearing.

At 5 A. M. Hancock's troops swept forward like an avalanche of blue, and by the sheer weight of superior numbers rolled Hill's line back past Poague's battalion, which stood alone like a wall of flame across the Federals' path. Not until the great masses of the enemy came face to face with the Confederate guns did they cease to press forward, but no troops could pass through such a storm of fire as that which Poague now opened upon Hancock's men. Inspired by their commander, the gunners plied their pieces with almost superhuman energy, the muzzles belched their withering blasts, the twelve guns blended their discharges in one continuous roar, and there among them, clinging to them as a shipwrecked sailor to a spar among the breakers, stood Lee himself, above whose head the smoke of the four lone batteries hovered like spray in the teeth of the onrushing gale.

The great commander knew then full well that between him and disaster Poague's battalion stood alone. What glory for a soldier! This single incident brought more of honor to the little colonel of artillery than has come to many men throughout ages of warfare. The light which I have seen in those mild eyes was akin to that which must have irradiated from them as he stood among his guns in the battle line of May 6, 1864, the last bulwark of his country's defense, and in the very presence of his immortal commander.

For a while, as General Lee stood among Poague's guns, his fortunes, indeed, hung in the balance. After sending a courier to hasten the advance of the First Corps and another to prepare the trains to be moved to the rear, he at last discerned the dust thrown up by the hurrying feet of Longstreet's men. In perfect order, with ranks well closed and no stragglers, the double column of infantry swung down the road at a trot, and, regardless of the confusion which beset their

19 BOMB 15

path, the brave and eager infantry pressed on to the point of danger. In the van rode Longstreet at his best, ardent for the fray, as if but now he had slipped the leash which held in check his tugging columns.

On this occasion Longstreet was magnificent, but Poague was the greater of the two, for he alone and unsupported had denied the enemy a victory ere Longstreet arrived upon the scene. And yet his part in this critical affair is scarce referred to by the historian. We read that Poague's Battalion was present in the battle of the Wilderness. No more. Even Morris Schaff, whose writings are fraught with the noblest sentiments of appreciation, and whose studious work on the battle of the Wilderness is by far the best yet written, overlooks the heroism of Poague, though no more ready hand than his ever brought the pen to bear with sweeter touch for friend and foe alike. In the saving of such incidents to posterity, of deeds unrecorded by contemporary writers, all but unknown to the present generation, one must feel thankful to the Almighty that the lot is his.

But while Poague was overlooked by the contemporary historian, not so by Lee. One year after the Wilderness, when disaster again pressed close upon him, when dangers surrounded his army and all seemed lost, it was the gallant Poague that Lee called upon to lead the way for the remnant through the Valley of the Shadow of Death. And when the shrivelled host at last stood huddled together, submissive to the hand of Fate, still another shot rang out defiant, another ring of smoke soared upward to the sky where Poague, with his dauntless battalion in the van, chafed at the final decree. No, it was not the spirit of resignation which made those eyes so mild, so soft, for how often until the end as at Appomattox came that flash that made us feel no heroism could transcend the limits of his soul.



19 BOMB 15

...THE SUBS...

Conversation carried on between the Shade of Jackson returned to earth, and that of a forlorn Cadet expecting to take the aforesaid Jackson's place in the elements.

OH, look coming through the arch. Who is that?" "That? Well, that's one of the most military things that ever struck this post." "What is that crook in his arm?" "Oh, that comes from continual strutting." "What is that tingling I hear?" "You hear his spurs. He wears them to ward off any sudden attack from third classmen." "What's that? Why, he has a uniform on; they wouldn't attack him." "Oh, that's nothing. They let 'P. I.' wear a uniform. Anyway, he is some good-natured, for he goes to parade six days out of every seven, and really enjoys it. His voice is good, he will admit that himself, and then he carries himself well. Just like a rat at West Point." "Well, anyway, who in the name of sense is it?" "Why, that's our beloved El Capitan. In English, Captain Murrill, Sub-Professor at the Virginia Military Institute, and holding forth supreme in the dump of Charlotte, North Carolina, during the spare moments of his very hilarious vacation."

"Oh, yes, I saw him up town the other day with another Snub—" "Snub? You mean Sub." "Oh, yes, Sub. Well, this sub with him had a wonderful physique. He carried his knees several feet in front of him, and his head wobbled slightly like a duck when running after an airship." "Oh, that was Charlie-Bo-Sprung-Knee." "Yes, I guess so, for I heard Captain call him Char-lu. It sure did look funny to see two subs so very different in appearance walking together." "Yes, but that is the only way they differ; their interior is just the same, literally lined, so to speak, with reports." "I imagine Charlie-Bo can dance, does he?" "Yes, he looks like a good dancer, but you see, Jack, he did, but he don't. That's it. You see, it seems as if the First Class Electricity men and the entire Third Class always fell desperately in love with the same girl that Charlie-Bo was dancing with, and gave her a rush. So he stopped going. Well, at least he knows electricity, and his knowledge works out something like this: Charlie Bo : Electricity as B. D. : Math." "But who is B. D.?" "Oh, he's the one that owns the race horse. He goes riding every day, he and the horse and the Blue Book. Takes it along and studies up, then comes back and springs something special. The other subs say he lays awake at night trying to think what he will pull off on his Calculus section the next morning. He hates snakes, third classmen, and women, so he says. There's no doubt about the snakes and third classmen, but—"

19 BOMB 15

"Say, are there any ladies' men among the subs?" "Well, yes, some, and then just some ladies. There is one in particular who is trying to be and thinks that he is. That's our P. I. He sure did work hard for a bid to the Sweet Briar May Day dance, poor fellow." "Is he the one that has a real mean-looking expression on his face, something like a third classman when talking to a rat, and trying to look ferocious? And I would like to know what he teaches; do you know?" "No, no one else I don't think."

"You said something just now about a lady being among the subs; what did you mean by that?" "I meant exactly what I said. Her name is 'Margaret,' but we call her 'Marjie' for short. She has a sweet, winning smile, fair complexion, and is almost a 'keydet.' She is one of these outdoor girls, though, and does all the sports. She stays down at the 'Bull Pen' with 'Billy 'Possum' and 'Shufly.'" "Billy 'Possum'? Why, that's a funny name." "Yes, and he's a funny fellow. Just goes bouncing along like a rubber ball, and you know 'possums grin and are not very tall. He always looks like he had just finished a big hearty dinner, and is another one that is almost a 'keydet.'" "Well, who is the other one you just spoke of?" "Oh, 'Shufly.' Believe me, he had some rep around these parts several years ago as a wielder of brooms. But now he has settled down and is the sport of the subs. It seems as if he spends more time uptown than money, but no one knows who he goes to see. And the mail he gets, and from all over the country. He sure does know how to keep the women guessing."

xx-Blank, 1/2-0987'&%\$+"1/2-1/4:@3/4.?" "Who on earth is doing all that talking?" "Oh, that's our modest little 'Lloyd' up in his room asking 'Olie' for a match. Believe me, that old boy sure does know how and believes in expressing himself, and 'Olie' says he knows exactly what he is talking about. You see, it is kind of a common language between them, and they use it quite often. These two are not in love with church, which same thing the cadets are not crazy over. If a little cloud comes in the sky on Sunday morning when they are O. C., everybody sleeps. They used to be Human Cadets once themselves." "Why do you say Human Cadets?" "Well, you see, there are two specie, Human and In-Human. The Human are Cadets, and the In-Human just go to school and think they are. And as for 'Skid' Snidow, he saw the guard tree planted with Ben Crowson and 'Simpie.' If you can get 'Skid' talking about Germany in the class room you won't have a lesson for a week. Outside he is just the same, and you can see that smile coming before you hear him."

"So, that's the subs?" "Yes, that's the crop. You know I could tell you lots more, but a stenographer has been jotting down our conversation for THE BOMB, and that fellow Carson is pretty bad himself, but some things, such as robbery, love, marriage and other state secrets he won't let go in." "Well, I'll have to be content, I suppose. Does every cadet aspire to be a sub?" "Hardly; they would rather be working on the stoop and be safe."

"Well, farewell, old top. I certainly did appreciate this conversation." "Oh, don't mention it; I had to do it."



The Boy Major of the Confederacy



AMONG the many men who have gone from the walls of the Institute to try fortune upon the field of battle, no more illustrious figure presents itself than that of Joseph White Latimer, the "Boy Major of the Confederacy."

Upon the occasion of the march of the cadet corps from Lexington to New Market last May, to participate in the fiftieth anniversary of the battle fought May 15th, 1864, the city of Harrisonburg was reached on the 13th. Here in the beautiful Woodbine Cemetery lies the body of Joseph White Latimer. Here the Corps paused in its march down the valley to do homage to an illustrious graduate of the Institute.

In this secluded spot that May morning, with the emblems of life present in all of their true color, three hundred cadets of this distinguished man's Alma Mater stood at attention as the following order was read to them and the assembled throng, after which a salute of three volleys was fired.—[THE EDITOR.]

Headquarters Corps of Cadets

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

Harrisonburg, Va., May 13th, 1914.

Orders No. 176.

1. Pursuant to the instructions of superior authority, the corps of cadets of the Virginia Military Institute will fire a salute of three volleys over the grave of Major Joseph White Latimer, V. M. I. 1861. Before this is done, however, it is proper that the corps should hear a brief statement of the services of this distinguished Confederate officer and élève of the Institute.

2. Joseph White Latimer, the "Boy Major," whose portrait hangs in the hallway of our library, was perhaps one of the most illustrious soldiers that ever went forth to the field of war from the martial halls of the Virginia Military Institute. Without a Cooke to write his history, posterity has limned his historic features upon the canvas of immortality along with those of Pelham and Pegram and Poague and Haskell and Dearing and Chew and Thompson and Cutshaw and the rest of those brave and daring young artillery officers who contributed so much blood and valor to the fame of Lee and Jackson.



The subject of this brief sketch was the seventh son of Samuel and Charlotte A. Latimer of Oak Grove, Prince William County, Virginia. He was born August 27th, 1843. Entering the Virginia Military Institute in July, 1859, at the age of sixteen, he at once became a pupil of the celebrated Jackson, who was instructor of artillery, a branch of the military service for which Latimer displayed marked taste and in which he was soon to win marked fame.

When the cadets were assigned to duty as drill masters in the camp of instruction at Richmond, Camp Lee, in April, 1861, Cadet Latimer was one of the twelve cadets detailed to instruct the volunteer field batteries then being organized by General John B. Magruder of the old service; later under the accomplished Captain Edward Porter Alexander, former commandant of the United States Military Academy. He was assigned to the famous "Hampden Battery," of Richmond, Captain Lawrence S. Marye commanding. It so happened that in the formative period of his military career he was associated with Magruder and Jackson, the two celebrated artillery officers who had won great distinction while serving in the same battery in Mexico, and with Alexander, who later became Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's corps, and undoubtedly the foremost artilleryman of the Confederacy. From these three he imbibed the spirit of his corps and received at their hands the training which made his subsequent career possible. In July he was assigned to the Henrico battery, of which his cousin, A. R. Courtney, was captain. In September Courtney's battery was ordered to join the army at Manassas, and Latimer was elected its senior second lieutenant on the 15th of that month, accompanying it to the front. During the active service of the battery along the Rappahannock in the fall of 1861 and the ensuing winter, the young officer so distinguished himself that in the spring, when the reorganization occurred, he was elected first lieutenant, in spite of his extreme youth and immature appearance.

His captain narrates how, after his first experience under fire, young Latimer modestly expressed his satisfaction that he had passed through the fight so well. Thinking that he referred to the fact that he had escaped injury, Captain Courtney remarked that he, too, was thankful for his escape. "Oh, no; I don't mean that," said the youth. "I rather wish I had received a small wound so I might see how I would bear it. What I meant was this: I was so glad I was able to stay at my post and do my duty during the fight, and not run away. I have always wondered how I would feel in a fight, and sometimes have felt a little afraid that I would not be able to control myself perhaps, and might do something disgraceful. But I have tried it now, and find that I can stand, and have no uneasiness for the future." Well did he justify the self-confidence of which these words were the evidence.

His next service was in the famous Valley campaign, where the Courtney battery was constantly engaged. At Cross Keys, the field of which lies at the



southern base of yon majestic Massanutten, Lieutenant Latimer was brevetted captain for conspicuous gallantry in action, soon to be regularly promoted captain of his battery, and later, in April, 1862, after taking a prominent part in the Seven Days fighting around Richmond, and the subsequent campaign, major of artillery. In the Gettysburg campaign Major Latimer commanded Andrews' battalion of Ewell's corps. Closely associated with Ewell in the Valley campaign and thereafter, he won the affection of that sterling commander, who frequently referred to his youthful artillery officer as "his little Napoleon."

Not only did he win the highest commendation from Ewell, but also from Jackson, and so conspicuous had he become ere the fatal Gettysburg campaign was undertaken that few names were better known to the army than that of the "Boy Major."

On the 2nd of July, 1863, he moved his battalion close up to the base of Culp's Hill, near which rested the left of Ewell's corps and Lee's army. In a desperate effort to dislodge the superb Federal batteries from Cemetery Hill he exposed himself with the utmost recklessness. His officers and men implored him to dismount, but he ignored their entreaties in order that he might be prepared to dash forward to the coveted position at the first opportunity. But his guns were outmatched—gallantry alone could not make up for the evident superiority of the enemy's guns. Two of his batteries he ordered to withdraw to better cover while he himself remained with the others in their original position. These were being rapidly cut to pieces, but still Latimer rode back and forth among his guns, cheering on by his example the few cannoneers remaining at their posts. And here he received his mortal wound, for a fragment of shell completely shattered his right arm, striking rider and mount to the ground. The brave Captain Dement drew him from beneath his horse, and as he gazed upon the mangled body of the youth foresaw the latter's sad fate. While being carried off the field Latimer passed his old battery, and, holding up the stump of his arm, exhorted his men to fight harder than ever to avenge his loss.

After the amputation, which was performed on the field, Major Latimer was taken to the neighborhood of Winchester, where he was cared for in the house of a private family. On the 22nd of July he was removed to Harrisonburg in order that he might not fall into the hands of the advancing enemy. While in Harrisonburg he was cared for in the home of Mrs. Warren and received every attention which she and her family could provide, but he gradually weakened, for gangrene had developed in the horrid wound. August 1st, just as the morning sun spread its light o'er earth and sky, the spirit of the spotless knight passed upward and onward to a better world where it found surcease from strife forever.

19 BOMB 15

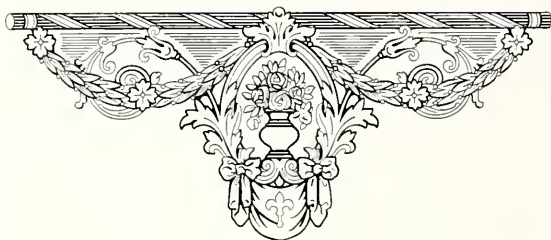
That Joseph Latimer rests beside the King of Hosts there can be no doubt. The events of his last earthly hours give us guaranty of that fact. "If I grow worse I want you to tell me, for I have always told you that I was not afraid to die." These were his words to his brother as the end was approaching. Only men whose hearts are good and pure face their Maker in such spirit. When he was asked by his brother if he was afraid to die, he replied: "No, for my trust is in God." And then he was asked by his chaplain upon what he based his hope for the future. "Not upon good works," he replied, "but upon the merits of Jesus Christ alone."

Major Latimer, though not twenty years old when he died, was more than a mere soldier—he was a Christian man among men, and wins our plaudits and esteem for the qualities of his soul as well as for the temper of his sword. In earthly rank he was a major, but before God he was "Captain of his soul." His bones lie here before you in this beautiful and peaceful spot, undisturbed during a half century of repose. But long ago his spirit passed over the river to rest with that of Jackson's 'neath the shade of Heaven's trees. It is that purified, Heaven reared spirit and not these human remains we now salute. * * *

By order of Col. Wise.

EDGAR NASH,

Cadet Adjutant.



RELIGIOUS



Cabinet

J. F. HEPNER.....	<i>President</i>
H. B. HOLMES.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
H. T. CHITTUM.....	<i>Secretary</i>
COL. R. T. KERLIN.....	<i>Char. Faculty</i>



THE Y. M. C. A. is the only organization for the spiritual training of the Cadet in barracks. It occupies two large rooms over the Jackson Memorial Hall, where the regular weekly devotional meeting is held, but the Jackson Memorial Hall is used when more room is necessary. The weekly devotional meeting is held every Sunday night, ministers from the churches of the town, professors from the Washington and Lee, and Y. M. I. faculty usually conduct these meetings.

Mr. W. M. Lee, our state secretary, has made the organization several visits during the year, aiding in organizing the work and to keep it running. Such men as "Ted" Mercer, Dr. W. R. Weatherford and Dr. Mills have visited the Association during the year with valuable messages.

In regard to the Bible Class, it has had the most successful year in the history of the Association. Under the very efficient instruction of Dr. Randolph a group of leaders meet every Thursday night in preparing to teach a group on the following Sunday. Much enthusiasm has been shown in this work.

There has been a movement on foot for some time to get a Secretary to take charge of the work at the Institute, but as yet without success. The need of such a person in barracks is evident to all. It is to be hoped that one may be secured next year and that the work of the Y. M. C. A. at the Institute may be put upon the high plane of efficiency that it is at other institutions.

And here may be given a vote of thanks to Colonel R. T. Kerlin for his untiring services and efficient supervision of the Y. M. C. A. of the Virginia Military Institute.



The Presbyterian Church Club

DR. ALFRED GRAHAM.....	<i>Pastor</i>
CHAS. H. CARSON.....	<i>President</i>
J. EDWARD DAVIS.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
R. E. WYSOR.....	<i>Secretary</i>
GORDON WATT.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

ALLISON	HOLMES	MUNCE	HUNTER
BELL, F	McKAY	NASH	KIRK
CARSON	MILLER	PENDER	KYLE
CLARKSON	SNEAD	RUFFNER	LAMB
CUMMING	ELEY	THOMPSON	MOORE
DAVIS, J.	WHITE	WHITING	REILLY
HYLAND	CAMPBELL, W.	WARWICK	ROOT
HOLDERBY	DUFUR	ZEa	SEBRELL
HUMPHREYS	DREWRY	ARMISTEAD, F.	SEMPLE
McCORMICK	FISHBURNE	BARRY	SIZER
PETROSS	FRASER	BORDERN	STEELE
SPESSARD	GREEN	CHAPMAN	THOMPSON
TYNES	GREY	CHAMPE	UMBERGER
WATT	GATLING	COLBURN	WEST
WISE	GARVEY	CORZELIUS	WILLIAMS, J.
WYSOR	HARPER	GLENN	THOMAS
BURKS	HEFLIN	GRAY	VAN SANT
CHITTUM	LEWIS, W.	HENSHAW	
DEBUTTS	LAWSON	HOCK	
HIX	MASSIE, H.	HAWKINS	



The Episcopal Church Club

REV. OSCAR DEWOLFE RANDOLPH.....*Rector*

Vestry

BAIN

RANDOLPH

WHITTLE

WELLFORD

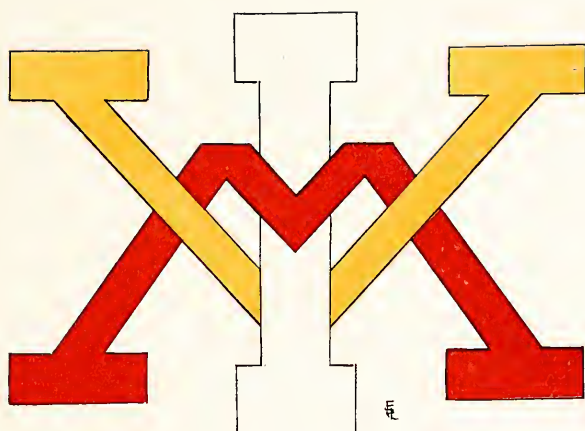
MASSIE

DEW

MARSHALL

AYERS

COLE, E.



Athletic Statistics

of the

Class of 1915

Prepared by the Editor

FOURTH CLASS

FOOT BALL.....HATHAWAY, BAIN

Scrubs

CUSHMAN, CAMMER, WAGNER, WELTON, TYREE AND SCHMITT

BASE BALL

Substitutes—STUART AND HOLTZMAN

BASKET BALL

Substitutes—SCHMITT AND BATTEN

THIRD CLASS

FOOT BALL.....CAMMER, SOMERS, BEASLEY AND BAIN

Substitutes—WAGNER AND HAWKINS

BASE BALL.....WATT, COX AND STUART

Substitute—HOLTZMAN

BASKET BALL.....BATTEN

Substitutes—HOLDERBY AND SCHMITT

TRACK.....CARSON, ETHERIDGE AND RANDOLPH

GYMNASIUM.....RANDOLPH, HITT, JOHNS, JENNINGS,
CHRISTIAN AND BLUM

TENNIS.....RANDOLPH

Champions in Baseball

SECOND CLASS

FOOT BALL.....CAMMER, BEASLEY, BAIN, SOMERS

Substitutes—HAWKINS, MURPHY, WAGNER

BASE BALL.....WATT

Substitutes—HOLTZMAN, MASSIE, WYSOR

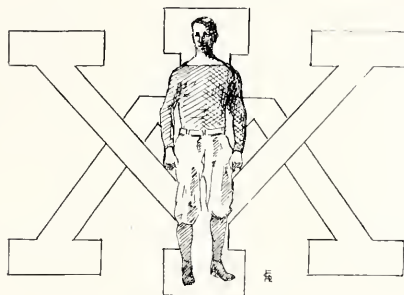
BASKET BALL.....BATTEN

Substitutes—HOLDERBY, BOWERING, BEASLEY

TRACK.....CARSON, MASSIE

GYMNASIUM.....HITT, CHRISTIAN, MORE, L. K.

19 BOMB 15



Football

JAMES M. BAIN	- - - -	Captain
CHARLES H. CARSON	- - - -	Manager



THE TEAM

19 BOMB 15

Football



BAIN



OAKES



MASSIE

19 BOMB 15

Football



ARMS



MARSHALL



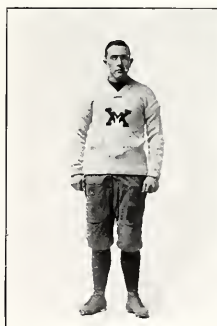
BUCHER

19 BOMB 15



McCORMICK

Football



PITTS



GREY

19 BOMB 15

Football



NELMS



HOLDERBY



SPEED

19 BOMB 15



CAMMER

Football



SOMERS



BEASLEY

19 BOMB 15

Football



COACH GORTON



MANAGER CARSON



19 BOMB 15

Football

STUDENTS of the natural sciences are familiar with the fact that many physical quantities vary according to a periodic law, increasing gradually to a maximum value and then decreasing to a minimum, only to have the process repeated. Students of statistics also recognize the existence of such laws and base their prediction for the future on a study of the curves of past performances. Assuming the strength of a foot ball team to vary in somewhat the same way, we find much to encourage us from a survey of conditions at V. M. I. during the past season. For we have apparently passed through a period of depression and are again upon the ascending crest of the wave.

At the beginning of the year Coach Gorton was confronted with a state of affairs that would have discouraged a less resolute and enthusiastic follower of the game. Of last year's monogram wearers he found, upon his arrival, only four men. We had lost a pair of tackles unequalled in our history, a pair of star ends, two of the regular back field and a guard, and, almost as bad, a number of second string men upon whom we had counted to fill the vacancies failed to return. In fact, as far as available material was concerned, V. M. I. had reached a low ebb, and only the splendid spirit of the men and the able work of the coaches prevented a disastrous season.

Hampden-Sidney, our first opponents, had their team of the previous year almost intact, and, remembering the score of only 9-0 of that year, they confidently expected a victory. 29 to 7 was the best they could do against a team somewhat lighter but full of fight.

Next followed a hard fight with Richmond College, which came our way, 10-0.



In
Roanoke

19 BOMB 15

William and Mary, cheered by the low score against their rivals from Richmond, strove to emulate them, but improved team work and a few forward passes won for us by a score of 28 to 0.

We next tackled the strong Gallaudet team. They came down with a record of 6-7 against Fordham College, and most of the dopesters figured that we were in for a licking. Matched against a veteran aggregation who outweighed them and were faster individually, the Cadets showed that old fighting spirit for which V. M. I. is famous. Despite the loss of Nelms, quarterback, in the early part of the game, and of Somers at tackle, the V. M. I. boys put up a fight to gladden the hearts of Cadets and Alumni. To those who speak of the good old days that are gone and bewail the decadence of these latter times, I would recommend this Gallaudet game as an example of victory due to sheer grit and determination.

On October 24 we met Georgia Tech. in Atlanta, our first game in this city for twenty years. For three periods we played the heavy Georgians on even terms, and only succumbed in the last quarter to fresh men who were substituted in great numbers. The final score was 28 to 7. Our small squad was completely worn out by three quarters of fierce play, and we had few substitutes to oppose the twenty substitutes made by our opponents. The Alumni and friends of the school in Atlanta were lavish in their kindness and hospitality to the squad.

The next game was with the University of North Carolina in Charlotte, N. C. Flushed with their recent victory over Vanderbilt, the Tar Heels were not to be stopped. Again weight and experience told against us by a score of 30 to 7. One striking feature of the game was V. M. I.'s rally in the last few minutes of play. Starting from mid-field and showing a consistent offence, she carried the ball down the field, and the game ended with the ball in V. M. I.'s possession on Carolina's 7-yard line.

The game against Clemson College in Richmond was remarkable in several respects. Starting out with a rush, the Carolinians scored 21 points in the first quarter, mainly by long end runs. It began to look like a walkover until V. M. I. woke up, and by a brilliant and varied attack, mostly open plays, brought their score up to 23 points. However, Clemson in the meantime kicked two field goals and nosed out a victory by the score of 27 to 23.

Thanksgiving Day found the Corps in Roanoke for the annual battle with our old rivals, V. P. I. The crowd of four thousand rooters was treated to a fiercely contested, clean game of foot ball, in which the score pretty well indicated the relative strength of the teams. In the first half V. M. I. had somewhat the better of the argument, gaining three first downs to none for V. P. I. In the second half V. P. I. showed up stronger, making one long run and advancing the ball far enough for a drop kicking specialist to be sent in from the side lines. The three points thus scored decided the game.

19 BOMB 15



Taking the season as a whole, we feel that Mr. Gorton accomplished wonderful results with the material at hand, and, what is even better, laid the foundation for success in the future. Next year we should have a good number of monogram men to start with and some promising men from this year's second string. Despite the losses by graduation, we feel sure that under the leadership of Oakes as captain we will be represented by a strong team.

From the back field we shall miss Captain Bain's speed and ability to follow the ball. Twice during the past season did he save his team from a shut-out by his long runs. At center, Beasley's place will be hard to fill. Sturdy and aggressive, he was a constant source of trouble to the opposing center. In Cammer and Somers at guards we shall lose two valuable, experienced men. Cammer, particularly, was a brainy player and one of the best men for his weight that we have ever produced. Massie and Arms, while less experienced than the above mentioned men, were good, nerry players, who gave the very best they had to their school, which is all that can be asked of any man.





The Scrubs

19 BOMB 15

Chronicle

FRANK H. GORTON.....Coach
 JAMES M. BAIN.....Captain
 CHAS. H. CARSON.....Manager
 W. M. WHITTLE.....Assistant Manager

The Team

<i>Ends</i>	<i>Center</i>
BUCHER	BEASLEY, O.
MASSIE	
SPEED	<i>Halfs</i>
GOODMAN	BAIN
	HOLDERBY
<i>Tackles</i>	MARSHALL, P.
MCCORMICK	
SOMERS	<i>Full</i>
ARMS	OAKES
	<i>Quarter</i>
<i>Guards</i>	NELMS
CAMMER	GRAY
PITTS, J.	

September 26.....Hampton-Sidney (Va.).....Lexington
 October 3.....Richmond College (Va.).....Lexington
 October 10.....William and Mary (Va.).....Lexington
 October 17.....Gallaudet College (D. C.).....Lexington
 October 24.....Georgia Tech. (Ga.).....Atlanta
 October 31.....Morris Harvey (W. Va.).....Cancelled
 November 7.....University North Carolina.....Charlotte
 November 14.....Clemson A. and M. (S. C.).....Richmond
 Thanksgiving Day.....V. P. I. (Va.).....Roanoke

The Scrub's Reward

"It's great to be a hero,
It's fine to be a star,
To hear your name resounding
Through halls of fame afar.

"But it's tough to wear a jersey
And be looked on as a dub;
That's why we sing the praises
Of the good old scrub.

"For ten long, weary weeks from noon
Till darkness hid the field
He's heard the coaches curse him
When the scrub line had to yield.

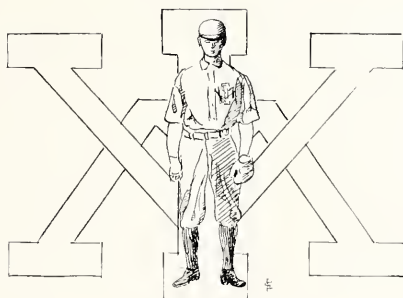
"But worst of all was from the start
(And no one knew it better)
The chances were not one in ten
He'd ever win a letter.

"But there was that within him when
Hope hid her cheering gleam
Which made him fight the harder
For Institute and team.

"When seated on the side lines,
With just a minute to play,
His team chalks up a touchdown,
And finally wins the day.

"Forgotten are the ten long weeks,
Forgot that name of dub;
He wouldn't swap with old John D.—
He played upon the scrubs."





Baseball

V. R. GILLESPIE, - - Captain

J. A. HAGAN, - - Manager



BASEBALL SQUAD

19 BOMB 15

Baseball



O have a very successful base ball team requires plenty of time to practice. Anyone acquainted with the condition knows that this is something a V. M. I. team never has. The whole team never get together but several times a week, and then only for a short time. In spite of this handicap our base ball team always gives a good account of itself, and a high-class article of ball is given on the hill every year.

Last year our team was much better than for some time, but no team ever played in such hard luck. It was a noticeable fact that in every game of the season our team was either in the lead or had a tied score at the end of the sixth inning, but then something would always start, and in a good many cases defeat came to us. Everyone realized what conditions the team played under, and the

V. M. I. spirit was always very much in evidence in every game, the noise never ceasing until the last man was out.



CAPTAIN GILLESPIE

19 BOMB 15

For his second year L. Pitts did the catching, and as a receiver and a catcher of fouts he is all that we can hope for. In the box we had John Pitts, who was ever our strong man and mainstay. He was ably assisted by Watt, who did excellent work in the games he was used, and he should be of much help to John this year. Bucher also shows up exceptionally well for a beginner, and we are looking forward to a remarkable slinging of the horsehide sphere in the games to come.

First base was held down by Nash, a new man on the team, and though he lacked experience, the initial bag was well taken care of. "Lyle" McCormick, at the keystone sack, was a marvel of speed, and many were the times he used this speed to pull down what seemed to be absolutely safe drives. Having Galligher as a working mate at short made a good combination. Galligher was by far the star of the team. His good work featured in every game. A dangerous man at the bat, a speed fiend on bases, and a sure fielder makes a man that will be greatly missed this year.

Most every team has its star, and most every team has its old "steady." Well, "Rock" is ours, and he plays third base. Being in the game at all times, and a cool, steady player, made Gillespie the choice for Captain this year. Of course he will hold this position down to perfection, and a winning team is bound to come.

Our outfielders were hard to beat. "Liz" Clarkson, captain and left fielder, pulled down many a hard and what looked to be a safe drive, and a runner never had a chance to score on flies to his territory. In center we had Sewell, another natural ball player who hits hard and sure. Once on the bases it was "Home, Sweet Home" to Sewell. His fielding was always of the highest type, and what it took to throw the runner out at home, "Old Huse" sure did possess. Right field was somewhat of an unsteady position, J. McCormick, Pate and L. McCormick all having a turn.

Manager J. Hagan has prepared a very attractive schedule for the coming season, and with a good selection from the "rat" class, including Marshall, Gray and Speed, along with the substitutes of last year, Hamlin, Mahone, Micheauxm, Lewis, Harper, Schoen and S. Lewis, a very successful season should be ours.

At last the long talked of New Athletic Field will be in use, and to show how anxious the "keydets" were to see the national game start, you should have seen the bunch of eager ones on hand at the first game to hear the good old words "Play Ball," and the first crack of the wood on the horsehide.



Chronicle

FRANK H. GORTON.....	<i>Coach</i>
CAPT. H. A. MURRILL.....	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
CAPT. L. L. LEEACH.....	<i>Assistant Coach</i>
J. A. HAGAN.....	<i>Manager</i>

Schedule

March 23—	Rollers	Lexington
March 29—	Lafayette College.....	Lexington
March 31—	Hampden-Sidney College.....	Lexington
April 3—	Cornell University.....	Lexington
April 5—	V. P. I.....	Roanoke
April 7—	Randolph-Macon College.....	Lexington
April 10—	Augusta Military Academy.....	Lexington
April 17—	Elon College.....	Lexington
April 21—	University of North Carolina.....	Lexington
April 24—	Roanoke College.....	Lexington
April 27—	Trinity College.....	Lexington
April 28—	Trinity College.....	Lexington

The Team

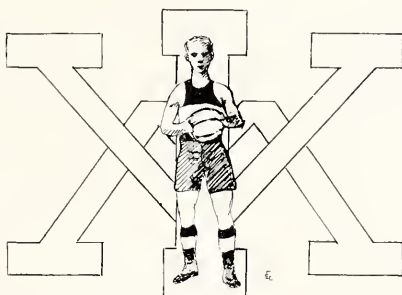
<i>Pitchers</i>	
PITTS, J.	DRISCOLL
BUCHER	
<i>Catchers</i>	
PITTS, L.	MAHONE
<i>Utility</i>	
HAMLIN	BRATTON
SCHOEN, <i>First Base</i>	SPESSARD, <i>Left Field</i>
McCORMICK, <i>Second Base</i>	GRAY, <i>Center Field</i>
GILLESPIE, <i>Shortstop</i>	DURANT, <i>Right Field</i>
FRANKLIN, <i>Third Base</i>	



"THREE SHEETS IN THE WIND."

Sometimes, old pal, in the morning,
 When the dawn is cold and gray,
 I lay in the perfumed feathers,
 Thinking thoughts I dare not say ;
 I think of the stunts of the night before,
 And I smile the feeble smile,
 And say to myself for the hundredth time,
 "Old chap, is it really worth while?"

19 BOMB 15



Basket Ball

R. M. BATTEN	-	-	-	Captain
W. L. HITT	-	-	-	Manager



THE TEAM

19 BOMB 15

Basket Ball



EXT in rank and next in the order of the season comes basket ball, for although very important, of course it cannot be placed ahead of foot ball. Before the season actually started it was a large question mark as to what the result would be—and now that it is over we see how that question mark changed into a victorious score for V. M. I.

A new coach and a lot of unproven material are always a questionable combination, but it so happened that this particular combination worked wonderful results when it came to juggling figures on the V. M. I. side of the score board.

The men returning from last year's team were Batten and Fetterolf, and around this nucleus the coach built his formidable quint. Of the new men, perhaps P. Marshall and Nehms were the foremost in the limelight, Archie developing into one of the greatest guards ever seen on the old gymnasium floor.

Too much cannot be said of John Pitts, who, although being a second class-man, has never been thought of as such a stellar player before this year, but under the able handling of Coach Gorton he developed this year into a veritable basket ball machine.

Of course Batten and Fetterolf both covered themselves with laurels, but we expected that, after seeing them play last year. Batten was the center of the quint in a plurality of ways, being the captain and playing the position of center. No one knows where Fetterolf procured his horseshoe, but the fact remains that he has never lost it, and at the end of the season he was still its proud possessor. It

19 BOMB 15

certainly stood him in good stead when he would make some of those difficult backhand shots, but now we are pretty thoroughly convinced that there was really no need for the horseshoe, as "Fet" possessed the real thing to "put 'em in."

It was only when the team played on foreign grounds that they suffered defeat, and then if the proverbial horseshoe and the corps had been along we are confident that the score could have been reversed.

With all old hands back next year with the exception of Batten, and with the "Tried and Proven" Gorton to coach, we have every reason to predict the best basket ball quint that ever wore the red and white jersey.





Chronicle

F. H. GORTON.....*Coach*
 R. M. BATTEN.....*Captain*
 W. L. HITT.....*Manager*

The Team

BATTEN (*Captain*)

PITTS, J.

FETTEROLF

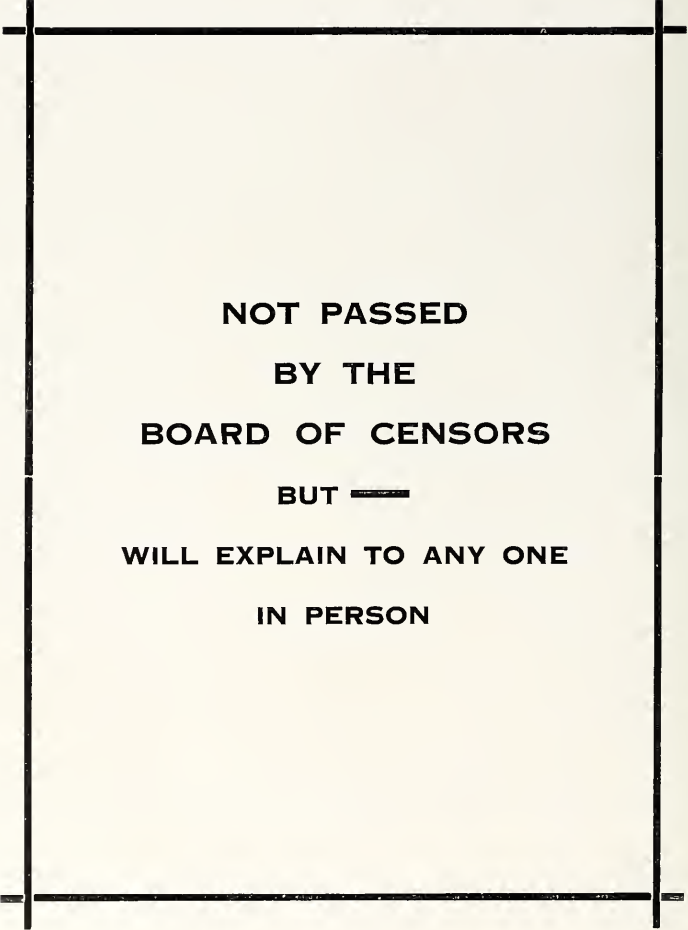
MARSHALL, P.

NELMS

HITT (*Manager*)

Schedule

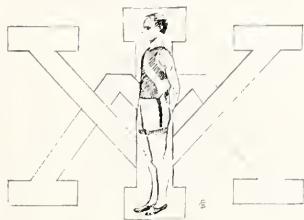
George Washington University.....	15;	V. M. I. 20
Union Theological Seminary.....	15;	V. M. I. 25
Roanoke College.....	23;	V. M. I. 26
University of Virginia.....	40;	V. M. I. 18
Trinity College.....	14;	V. M. I. 33
Emory and Henry College.....	1;	V. M. I. 39
Elon College.....	18;	V. M. I. 35
V. P. I.....	22;	V. M. I. 21
University of North Carolina.....	24;	V. M. I. 28
Wake Forest (cancelled).		
William and Mary College.....	11;	V. M. I. 24



**NOT PASSED
BY THE
BOARD OF CENSORS
BUT —
WILL EXPLAIN TO ANY ONE
IN PERSON**



MANAGER ALMOND



Track

IN the days of old Athens thousands gathered in the Acropolis as spectators of the Olympic games, where the young Greek, matching brawn against brawn and sinew against sinew, proved his athletic superiority upon the cinder. Today we have the same custom, although greatly depreciated in value at the Institute.

For the past three years, under Captain Wiltshire, track has rapidly advanced in ability to perform and in popularity among the corps. This year, under the supervision of Coach Gorton, a born athlete and a great admirer of track, a well-developed, fast and enthusiastic team is confidently expected that will place V. M. I. among the foremost of Virginia's cinder stars.

Of the men who have made the team in the past, only four remain, Carson, Geyer, Massie and Hix. New material at present seems to be plentiful, and the development of this raw material is being now considered and soon will be well under way.





GYMNASIUM TEAM



MANAGER COUPLAND

Although no meets are as yet held with other schools, the team gives two annual exhibitions, one at Government Inspection and one during Final Week. Both are always looked forward to by the corps, and each is witnessed by an enthusiastic gathering. The one during finals in particular is largely attended, as there are at that time many "calic" present, which is something that always brings forth special effort on the part of the "strong men," and the competition is keen among the contenders.

Gymnasium is the most popular of our minor sports, made so by the most earnest efforts of all the team. It should be encouraged, and is, as the gymnasium is always full when they perform.



Gymnasium

IN the past several years this branch of athletics has advanced very materially, both in efficiency and in popularity. This is to a large extent due to its being recognized by the Athletic Association and by full monograms being awarded to those having shown marked ability for two years. This gives the men some goal to work for, and consequently there are a large number of men brought out who before would not have tried for the team.

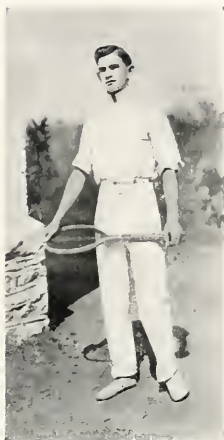


CAPTAIN HITT



TENNIS TEAM

Tennis



CAPTAIN GILLESPIE



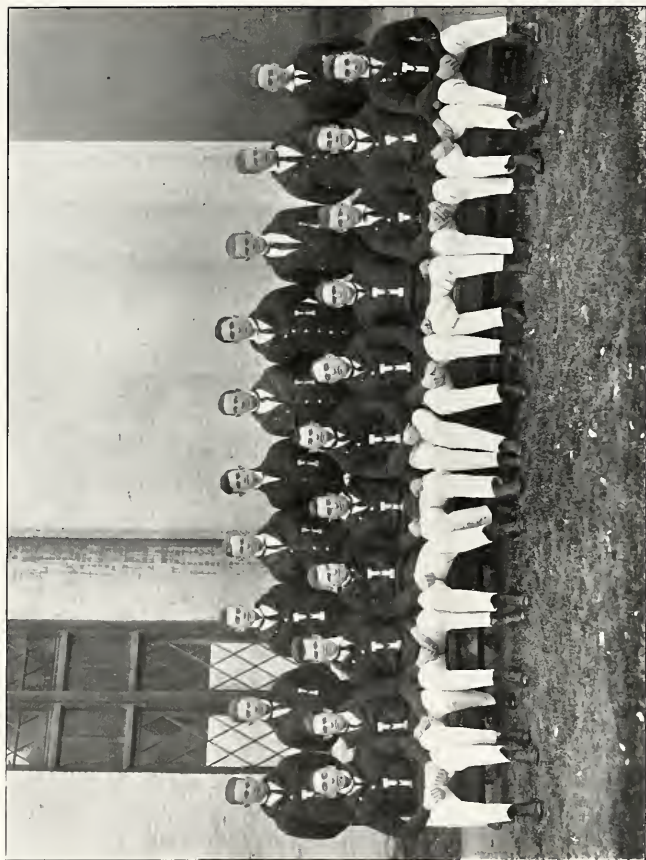
HE delicate art of lightly swinging a racquet around behind one's right ear and at the same time delivering the white sphere in such a way as to throw the dust in the bad man's eyes across from you, has as yet not been developed to the extent of World Champions at the Institute.

Three years ago E. J. Frazer, then a cadet, took it upon himself to apply for permission to construct four tennis courts over the parapet, just below limit gate. This was granted him, and for months the tedious work progressed. The result is now that we possess four of the best courts in the State, and a privilege and a pleasure for the lovers of the sport to play upon.

Massie, Gillespie, Fecheimer, Fetterolf, Goodman and others have made good use of this privilege, not to mention the numerous subs and other members of the faculty who practice thereupon.

This year the tennis team is looking forward to a meet with that of Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. With the showing made there that is usually made upon the home courts, V. M. I. should be heard from, as rightly she should, in the line of the above mentioned pastime.





THE MONOGRAM CLUB



The Monogram Club

NOTE.—The Monogram Club consists of those men in barracks who have received a full monogram in any of the sports enumerated elsewhere, including those of the managers of the various teams.

Football

BAIN, '15, <i>Capt.</i>	McCORMICK, L., '16
BEASLEY, '15	PITTS, J., '16
CAMMER, '15	GRAY, '18
SOMERS, '15	NELMS, '18
MASSIE, '15	HOLDERBY, '15
ARMS, '15	SPEED, '18
MARSHALL, '18	CARSON, '15, <i>Mgr.</i>
BUCHER, '17	

Baseball

GILLESPIE, '16, <i>Capt.</i>	PITTS, L., '16
McCORMICK, L., '16	WATT, '15
PITTS, J., '16	HAGAN, J., '15, <i>Manager</i>

Basket Ball

BATTEN, '15, <i>Capt.</i>	NELMS, '18
MARSHALL, '18	FETTEROLF, '17
HITT, '15, <i>Mgr.</i>	HOLDERBY, '15

Gymnasium

HITT, '15, <i>Capt.</i>	COUPLAND, '15, <i>Manager</i>	CHRISTIAN, M., '16
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Tennis

GILLESPIE, '16, <i>Captain</i>	MASSIE, '15, <i>Manager</i>
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19 BOMB 15

CLASS CHAMPIONS IN FOOTBALL



The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

Reading from right to left, Top Row

Hagan, W. (Coach), Garing, Humphreys, Watt, Craig, Rembert (Manager)

Middle Row

Johns, Merry, Wilkins, Wagoner, Petross

Bottom Row

Baugham, Hagan, J., Wysor (Captain), Etheridge, Batten

19 BOMB 15

CLASS CHAMPIONS IN BASEBALL



The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

Top Row

Parks, Holtzman, Wysor, Spessard, Rembert (Coach)

Lower Row

Massie, Amory, Hagan, J. (Captain), Lewis, S., Petross

19 BOMB 15

CLASS CHAMPIONS IN BASKET BALL



The Class of Nineteen Hundred and Fifteen

Top Row

Arms, Beasley (Captain), Campbell

Lower Row

Petross, Bell

A

CLUBS



10

A



THE NUGGETTEER CLUB



The Nuggeteer Club

Officers

CLIFFORD C. CLARKSON.....	<i>President</i>
JAMES M. BAIN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
CHAS. H. CARSON.....	<i>Secretary</i>
GILBERT H. WILKINS.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

BAIN	WYSOR
CARSON	BROOKS
CLARKSON	BEASLEY
DAVIS, J.	SNEAD
DEGRAFF	MASON
OAKES	CLARK
REMBERT	BROWN, E. C.
SAUNDERS	WOOD
VAUGHAN	LEWIS, S.
WALES	JONES, C.
WILKINS	MCCLELLAN
WHITTLE	NASH

MAHONE



THE TANGI MELI CLUB

19 BOMB 15



The Tangi Meli Club

Officers

GORDON WATT.....	<i>President</i>
V. R. GILLESPIE.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
J. A. HAGAN.....	<i>Secretary</i>
R. C. COUPLAND.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Members

ALMOND, E. M.	HITT, W. L.
AMORY, T. D.	LEWIS, W. B., JR.
BUCHER, O. B.	LUNT, S. M.
BURRESS, J. W.	MASSIE, N. H.
CAMPBELL, A. G.	MCANERNY, J.
COLE, J. E.	MCCORMICK, O. L.
COLLINS, C. J.	MCLEAN, J. D.
COUPLAND, R. C.	PITTS, J. L.
GILLESPIE, V. R.	ROBINSON, F. H.
HAGAN, J. A.	SPESSARD, R. H.
HAGAN, W. C.	TOMLINSON, J. B.
HAMLIN, J. T.	WATT, G.
HIX, C. H.	



THE TICQUO CLUB

19 BOMB 15



The Ticquo Club

Officers

W. E. BAUGHAM.....	<i>President</i>
H. M. READ.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
B. J. MILLNER.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
G. KAROW.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members

BURACKER, S.	MORGAN
CHRISTIAN, M.	NORFLEET, J.
COLE, J.	NOEL, S.
ETHERIDGE, C.	PAUL, J.
ETHERIDGE, F.	SCHOEN
FRANKLIN	WARREN
GROOVER	



Cadet Literary Society



Literary Society



FOR the past few years there has been a vain effort to arouse interest and enthusiasm in the Literary element of the Institute, in order to bring out and develop that element that lies sleeping in barracks. Two societies were organized, but with apparently little good being accomplished.

This year, under the able supervision of Colonel Kerlin and the presidency of Cadet Johns, a society for this end has been organized, and at present writing is making rapid strides toward the cherished goal of Literary production. Only one society being formed, which holds their meetings weekly, a body of debaters, speakers and declaimers are appointed and given one week in which to search the library for the desired material in preparation.

With a library of several thousand volumes, and an addition of several hundred Economic and Political Science works, which have been secured through the efforts of Colonel Wise as professor of Economics and Political Science, the cadets of the society have a vast amount of knowledge and a plentiful supply of the standard and best reference books at their command.

Through this, then, the Literary ability of the men in barracks have been advanced, and now the Cadet Dialectic Society is upon the high standard of efficiency that it well deserved for its numerous struggles.



HOP COMMITTEE



The Cotillon Club

Officers

J. E. DAVIS.....	<i>President</i>
J. M. BAIN.....	<i>Vice-President</i>

Hop Committee

DAVIS BAIN ALMOND BROOKS

Members

ALMOND	ELLYSON	LYNE	PERKINSON
BARNES	FETTEROLF	MAHONE	PITTS, J.
BATTEN	GARING	MASON	PITTS, L.
BAUGHAM	GARVEY	MASSIE, N.	POTTS, T.
BELL	GATLING	MCANERNY	RAMSOM
BENNERS	GEYER	MCCLELLAN	READE
BERRY	GILLESPIE	MCLEAN	REUTAN
BORDERN	GLAZEBROOK	MERCER	RICH
BOWERING	GRAY	MERRY	SAUNDERS
BOYKIN	HAGAN, J.	MICHEAUX	SCOTT
BRATTEN	HAGAN, W.	MILLER, C.	SEMMES
BREWSTER	HAMLIN	MILLNER	SHEPHERD
BROOKS	HARPER	MORGAN	SNEAD
BROWN	HEPNER	MUNCE	STALLING
BUCHER	HIX	MURPHY	THOMAS
CAMPBELL	HOCK	NEALE	THOMPSON
CARROLL	HOLTZMAN	NEELE	THORNTON
CHRISTIAN	HUMPHREYS	NELSON	TINSLEY
COLE, H.	HULL	NOELL, S.	WALLACE
COUPLAND	HUNT	NORFLEET	WEAR
CRAIG	JEFFRIES	OAKES	WARREN
CUMMINGS	KAROW	OLD	WARRICK
DEBUTTS	LEWIS, N.	OWEN	WATT
DEGRAFF	LOHMEYER	PATTERSON	WHITTLE
DUFUR	LOTH	PAUL	
ELEY	LOWERY	PENDER	



THE MANDOLIN CLUB



The Mandolin Club

H. E. WATSON.....Leader

Mandolins

H. E. WATSON G. L. KAROW

H. M. READ N. OLD

B. GOODMAN C. THOMAS

F. C. JEFFRIES

Guitars

G. WHITE F. S. ROBINSON





THE HOPS

Ode to the Hops

"Hope is intense, as long as there's life,
Opportunity arises to welcome your wife:
Pleasure dominates, the hops are on,
Sadness lingers, the "wife" has gone."

ENJOYED by all cadets, more thrilling than a modern aviation meet, and as greatly anticipated as the regular summer furlough, are the hops, which serve to counteract the monotony of daily routine, and which occur from time to time during an academic year at the Institute.

Every "dancing-keydet's" hope is aroused with the propinquity of the hops. He is constantly interrogating himself, "Is she coming?" Contemporaneously, he is inquisitive to learn if the other fellow's "calic" will be up.

'Tis Friday, and the opportunity presents itself when the Shenandoah Valley Special, heavily laden with "calic" toots its way into Lexington, where the fair ones detrain to be taken by the "Simese Transfer Co." to their headquarters. Then it is that the atmosphere around barracks is rife with such inquisitions, viz., "Did the dreamy-eyed one come? Be sure to give me a 'knock-down' tonight."

The first dance is on! Quite a novelty, and, at the same time, quite thrilling to hear those sweet refrains again! Almost breathless from their vain endeavors to arrive in time for the first dance on the programme, many "calic," escorted by those fortunate enough to "drag" one, precipitate themselves into the mass of the trippers of the fantastic, and trot away to the inspiring strains of some popular medley.

Now that the hops are in full tilt, on with the dance, let joy be unconfined! Gaiety reigns supreme, and it is now doubtful that such a thing as a text-book ever existed.

19 BOMB 15

Now that there is an intermission, the introduction to the dreamy-eyed one is obtained. (From the stag line) "Who is that dream with ——? Just watch me break him!" The music begins. To ——?'s despair and wrath, he is, upon the shrill of the whistle, broken rather abruptly. He seeks another. Thus the "hops" continue, everyone having "a huge time, and no one being slighted." "Home, Sweet Home" comes as detestable as reveille, and thus endeth the first night.

Aurora makes way for the dawn of a new day, Saturday, which is the big day.

Unlike the previous custom of driving in the afternoon, there has been an installation in the guise of the "Dansant." Admitting that both driving and dansants are highly enjoyable, it is more than probable that on a vote of each the latter amusement would be tendered an almost unanimous reception at the hands of the "keydets." The night of this same day brings another and the farewell dance. As a rule, a greater amount of "pep" is evident on the last night, probably due to the realization that it is the farewell hop, and, accordingly, 'tis best to "make hay while the sun shines." To bring this good-bye hop to a successful close, taps are sounded, and all depart until they meet again on Sunday, which is utilized in filling numerous engagements.

Monday comes. The same "special" which tooted its way into, toots its way out of Lexington with many a love-stricken "keydet's" heart and all. Now it's back to the old grind—books. Sadness and gloom linger! She's gone!

On the whole, the hops of 1914-1915 have been a notable success. The dansants will never outlive their popularity in the "keydet's" mind. To the untiring efforts of the hop committee we, the corps of Cadets, attribute this success, and extend our most hearty thanks to those who made the hops what they were.



First Class Banquet

February 22, 1915

CLASS OF 1915

VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA



Class Officers

C. R. CAMMER.....	<i>President</i>
G. WATT.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
C. H. CARSON.....	<i>Historian</i>

Toasts

Toastmaster—R. H. SPESSARD

Mess-Hall Fare.....	J. E. DAVIS
Privates.....	G. WATT
Officers.....	B. F. MUNDAY
Athletics.....	G. R. BROOKS
Ex- '15.....	W. L. DAVIS
Calic.....	E. M. ALMOND
Class Prophecy.....	H. L. SMITH

Menu

Grapefruit Supreme		
Oyster Cocktail		
Gherkins	Cold Virginia Ham	Salt Wafers
Potato Salad	Corn Fritters	
Asparagus		
White Bread	Braised Young Chicken	English Dressing
Cranberry Sauce	Green Peas	Creamed Mushrooms
Celery	Deviled Eggs	Olives
		Grape Juice Punch
Ice Cream	Assorted Cakes	Cheese Crackers
Fruit		
Coffee	Mints	
Cigars	Etc.	Cigarettes





Final German

J. E. DAVIS.....*Leader*
J. M. BAIN.....*Assistant Leader*

Marshalls

ALLISON, J. A.	KIDD, W. E.
ALMOND, E. M.	LEWIS, S. O.
ARMS, T. S.	LEWIS, W. B.
BATTEN, R. M.	LOWERY, W. T.
BAUGHAM, W. E.	McCORMICK, E. L.
BEASLEY, O. H.	McLEAN, J. D.
BELL, F., Jr.	MARSHALL, R. J.
BOWERING, B.	MASSIE, N. H.
BOYKIN, R. S.	MAXWELL, E. G.
BROOKS, G. R.	MERRY, E. T.
CAMMER, C. R.	MUNDAY, B. F.
CAMPBELL, A. G.	NORFLEET, J. B.
CARSON, C. H.	PARKS, V.
CONWAY, C. B.	PARSONS, W. P.
COUPLAND, J. R.	PARSONS, X.
CRAIG, W.	PETROSS, D.
DAVIS, W. L.	REMBERT, A.
ECHOLS, F.	SMITH, H. L.
ELLYSON, R. W.	SOMERS, V. L.
ETHERIDGE, C. A.	SPESSARD, R. H.
GARING, R. F.	WALLACE, L. A.
GRIFFIN, R. J.	WATSON, H. E.
HAGAN, J. A.	WATT, G.
HAGAN, W. C.	WELLFORD, A. L.
HEPNER, J. F.	WELTON, R. F.
HITT, W. L.	WILLIAMS, T. C.
HOLTZMAN, C. T.	WISE, J. B.
HUMPHREYS, W. H.	WYSOR, R. E.
JOHNS, C., Jr.	YODER, W. L.



MISS CLIFTON FOX

Leader





Final Ball

GEORGE M. SNEAD.....*Leader*

DELANCY A. DeGRAFF.....*Assistant Leader*

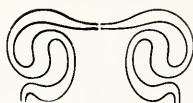
Marshalls

AMORY, T.	LEWIS, W. B., Jr.
AYERS, B. D.	LOHMEYER, W.
BRADFORD, W. B.	LUNT, S. M.
BREWSTER, J. E.	MILLER, J. C.
BURKS, J. J.	MILLNER, B. J.
CHRISTIAN, M. H.	MOORE, R. C.
COLLINS, C. J.	MORRIS, W. S.
CUMMINGS, C.	McCLELLAN, J. M.
DEBUTTS, H. A.	McCORMICK, O. L.
DREWRY, J. H.	McKAY, L. H.
DURANT	OLD, N.
FECHHEIMER, J. H.	PITTS, L.
FRASER, D. D.	PITTS, J.
GEYER, P. C.	READ, H. M.
GILLESPIE, V. R.	RICH, A.
GOODMAN, B.	SANSBERRY, J. C.
GROOVER, C.	THOMAS, C. B.
HIX, C. H.	VAUGHAN, C. C.
HOLMES, H. B.	WARREN, R. H.

Committeemen

PAUL, J. G., '16	SAUNDERS, C., '17
WHITTLE, W. M., '16	OAKS, L. L., '18
BROWN, E. C., '17	SPEED, '18

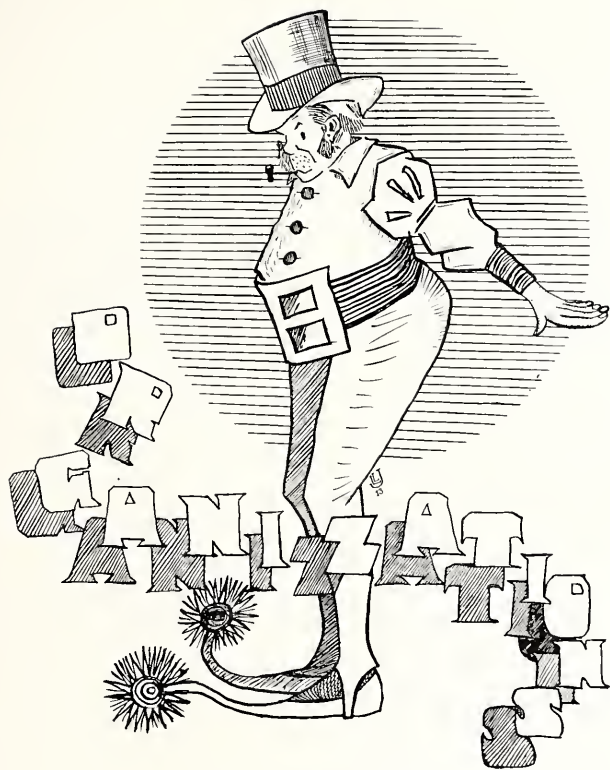
19 BOMB 15



??? Does It Pay ???

There's always a girl, a beautiful girl,
Some where in this wide, wide world;
There's always a "keydet," a foolish "keydet,"
Who admires her dimples and curls,
There's always a time, an appropriate time,
When they are constantly together;
There's always a season, an appropriate season,
That keeps up with the time in the weather,
There's always a parting, a disastrous parting,
In April, June or September;
There's always the last word, a most touching-word,
And usually the word is "Remember."
There's always a fact, a most astonishing fact,
And the fact is that one must forget;
There's always one, a most unhappy one,
Who cannot forget, and yet—
There's always a thought, a very wise thought,
That will come what e'er the day;
There's always one or the other of two
Who will express the thought in "Does It Pay?"





19 BOMB 15



W. CRAIG.....*President*
 H. M. READ.....*Vice-President*
 A. D. BARNES.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

<i>Top Row</i>	<i>Middle Row</i>	<i>Bottom Row</i>
MANTOR	MORRISON	FIELDS
ROBERDEAU	READ	WHITE
CANTRELL	LEWIS, S.	EDWARDS
LEWIS, R.	CRAIG	HART
IMBODEN	JOHNS	RIPLEY
MOORE	LEWIS, W.	METTENHEIMER
BERNARD	BARNES	THOMPSON
WEST		





The Club of Southwest Virginians

Honorary President—GOVERNOR HENRY C. STUART

R. A. WYSOR.....*President*
 CHAS. H. CARSON.....*Vice-President*
 FRANCIS BELL, JR.....*Secretary*

Members

ALLISON
 BELL
 BLAIR
 CALDWELL
 CARSON
 DEW
 DUNCAN

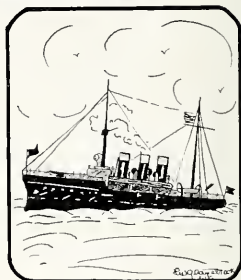
FUGATE
 GILLESPIE
 HOCK
 LOCKHART
 MCHUGH
 NOELL
 PAUL

PARSONS, W.
 PARSONS, X.
 PARSONS, J.
 SANDERS
 WOOD
 WYSOR





The Norfolk Club



J. M. BAIN.....	<i>President</i>
C. H. HIX.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
L. A. WALLACE.....	<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>
R. C. COUPLAND.....	<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>

Members

ETHERIDGE, C.

EASTWOOD

ROBINSON

PARKS

PORTER

NELSON

GATLING

SCHLEGEL

SHEPHERD, L.

COLE, H.

COLE, J.

FRIEDMAN

GOODMAN

MAXWELL

JONES, W.

BOYKIN, M.

ACREE

OLD

BUTLER

GUSTAVERSON



G. WATT.....*President*
W. E. BAUGHAM.....*Vice-President*
W. B. LEWIS, JR.....*Secretary and Treasurer*



Members

PENDER

MILLER

MICHEAUX

HARNEY

MICHIE

COBB

CARROLL

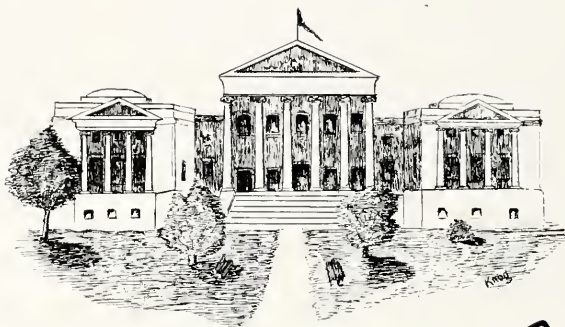
RILEY

RANDOLPH

GRANTHAM

DIXON

BORDERN



RICHMOND-CLUB

COLORS: *White and Blue*

MOTTO—"It's always fair weather when we get together."

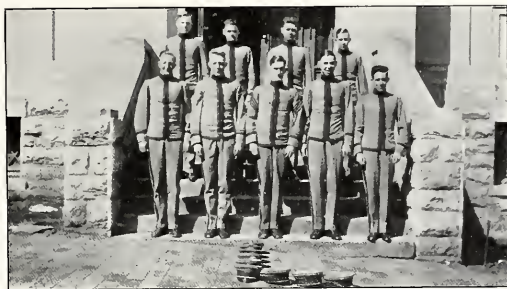
MASCOT—"Dutch" FRANKLIN.

J. A. HAGAN.....*President*
 A. G. CAMPBELL.....*Vice-President*
 W. C. HAGAN.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

ARMISTEAD, F. V.	LAMB, E. B.
BURRESS, J. W.	MAHONE, J. W.
BURTON, B. A.	MUNCE, M. G.
CAMPBELL, A. G.	MILLS, M. B., JR.
CARNEAL, C. W.	McCLELLAN, J. M.
CHAPIN, C. C.	NEAL, E. F.
CHAPIN, W. E.	NEALE, L., JR.
CHEWNING, J. C.	OWENS, W. J.
DANCE, P. R.	POTTS, T. R.
DAVIS, J. E.	RHEUTAN, D. L.
ELLYSON, R. W.	ROTHERT, D. L.
FRANKLIN, H. C.	SAUNDERS, C. J.
GRAY, H. P.	SCOTT, T. B., JR.
HAGAN, J. A.	SMITH, A. B.
HAGAN, W. C.	WARE, J. W.
HOLDERBY, A. R.	WELLFORD, A. L., JR.
INGRAM, S. L.	WITT, S. B.
LAFFERTY, E. R.	WILLIAMS, J. W.

19 BOMB 15



The Lynchburg Club

J. E. DAVIS.....*President*
 GEO. SNEAD.....*Vice-President*
 A. A. RICH.....*Secretary*

Members

DAVIS

KYLE

SNEAD

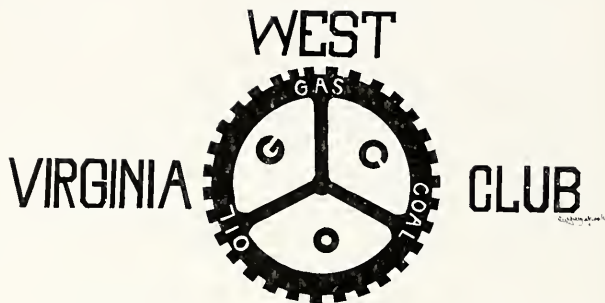
STALLING

RICH

HUGHES

NOELL

HANCOCK



WILLIAM LOHMEYER, JR.....*President*
 J. CRAIG MILLER.....*Vice-President*
 GEORGE R. BROOKS.....*Secretary and Treasurer*

Members

NASH, C. P.

COUCH, R. H.

RUFFNER, D. L.

CHAMPE, I. P.

WARWICK, H. C.

STEVENSON, M. H.

HENSHAW, S. B., JR.

HAWKINS, C. T.



O. L. McCORMICK.....*President*
 D. D. FRASER.....*Vice-President*
 H. P. MASON.....*Secretary*

Members

AMORY, T. D.	HUGHES, J. B.
BERRY, W. A.	LEWIS, R. C.
BORDEN, T. E.	MASON, H. P.
BUCKLEY, E. A.	McCORMICK, O. L.
CURTIS, D. C.	NELMS, J. A.
FRASER, D. D.	POTTS, T. R.
HALEY, W. A.	RANSOM, C. S.
HANCOCK, M. McC.	WILLOUGHBY, W.



The Hi-Sign Club

Meetings held after every foot ball victory or "sub."

TIME—When it hits 'em.

PLACE—Where they happen to be.

Club Yell

Sh-h-h-h-h-h-h-h-H

Color

"R-E-D"

Favorite Song

"On the Trail of the Lonesome Sub."

HARRY K. THAWSON.....*President*

ESPEMERALDO VILLA.....*Vice-President*

HUNTER(S) RAID.....*Secretary*

AL. J. JENNINGSKY.....*Treasurer*

Members

JESSIE JAMES

"HOLD-UP" DOLD

"M. E." KAISER

Honorary Members at Institute

Cadet ? ?*Guardian of 1st Stoop*

" ? ?*Guardian of 2nd Stoop*

" ? ? ?*Guardian of 3rd Stoop*

" ? ? ? ?*Guardian of 4th Stoop*

" ? ? ? ? ?*Keeper of Towers*

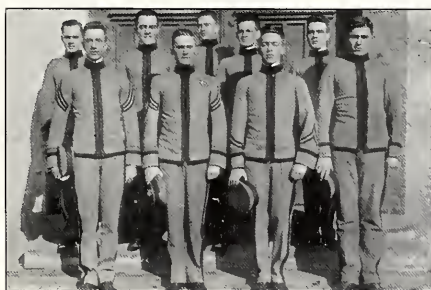
" ? ? ? ? ?*Keeper of Sentry Box*

19 BOMB 15



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19 BOMB 15



The Brokers' Club

Officers

PresidentGOODMAN "Guardian of the Insignia"
Vice-PresidentFECHMEIER "Take-a-little-less"
SecretaryFREIDMAN "Dot's de rong teket"
DirectorHERMAN "\$2.98—Not von cent less"
TreasurerHAFTER "Dot diamont hass flours"

Dedicated to

THE HON. CAPTAIN SHOES FELTDZ

"Re Tired Members"

J. U. TARDY

"Yid" COLBURN

"Honorary Members"

J. U. NORFLEET

"JEW BABY" BAUGHAM

I. K. Y. DEGRAFF

Motto

"Giff me back mine ducats"

Insignia

Three (3) Balls

Colors

GOLD and SILVER

19 BOMB 15



West Side Spanish Club

"Oficialos"

President GEYER Chief Hot Tomale
 Vice-President McCLELLAN Hot Tomale Pro. Tem
 Secretary and Treasurer GOODMAN Keeper of the Reales
 Sergeant-at-Arms HEFLIN Sereno de la puerta

"Unos de Maravilla"

BURKS Mascota de la Tertulia
 BURACKER, S. Toreador
 CHRISTIAN, M. Matador
 DEGRAFF Guardador del Toro
 FRARY Jefe de los Perezosos
 LEWIS, W. B. Guardador
 LEGGETT El Toro
 MCCORMICK Arrojadador del Toro
 MILLER, J. C. Picador
 WARREN Sr. D. Chili con Carne

Dedicated to

Patron Saint Pope P. de primer

Motto

"We Bull In Order Not To."

Favorite Pastime

Bull-Fighting

19 BOMB-15



S. S. Annex Club

Officers

<i>President</i>	GOODMAN.	"Chief Love Pirate"
<i>Vice-President</i>	DILLARD.	"Dip" her "Dodger"
<i>Treasurer</i>	STALLING.	"A Nex Caruso"
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	ZEAL.	"Hall Walker"

"Members in Fact"

FECHHEIMER.	"Ex-halted Corporal"
FRARY.	"Mitchell's Keeper"
HUGHES.	"Annex Danseuse Tangoiste"
LAFFERTY.	"So-Low Contraltoist"
McKAY.	"Royal Chewer of the Kain"
MITCHELL.	"Pres. of Gimlet Club"
PENDLETON.	"Model-c-more-under-where"
THOMAS.	"Annex Bacteriologist"

Motto

"Push Before Entering"

Colors

Pinkle and Perk

Insignia

"Ye Olde Tin Dipper"

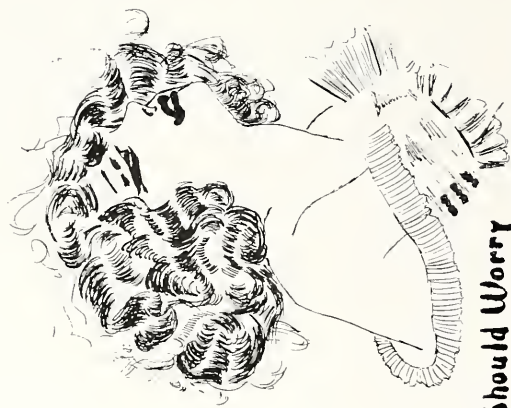
19 BOMB 15



The Co-Ed Davis Paregoric School for Skirts

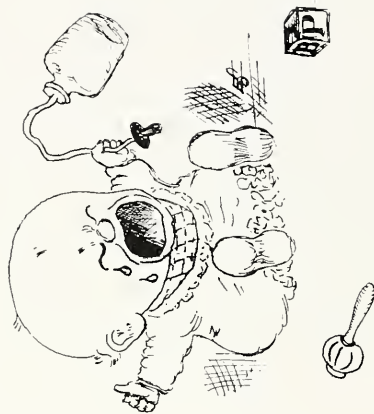
Faculty

MADAME C. HAPPY KERLIN.....	Matron
MARGARET PARKER.....	Lady Chaperone
JESSE BURKES.....	Instructress in Form
SADIE HUMPHREYS.....	Pompean Instructress
JULIA STALLINGS.....	Stenographeress
FRANCIS BELL.....	Matron of Infirmary
ETHEL MAXWELL.....	Instructress of Language
CLARA WELLFORD.....	Instructress of Physical Culture
HORTENSE FRAZER.....	Instructress in Vocality
JOSEPHINE SANDBERRY.....	Instructress of Writing
GRETCHEN SEAMAN.....	Supervisoress of Culinary
GERTRUDE ZEA.....	Keeperess of Puffs
REBECCA HOLT.....	Keeperess of the Well
GRACE MUNCE.....	Supervisoress of Laundry Room
S. LUTIE WILKINS.....	Keeperess of Lights



I Should Worry

For the above reason the Class of 1915 proclaim in behalf of the benefit to the Virginia Military Institute, that in the future the aforesaid institution ought to continue as a Co-Ed.



For the above reason the Class of 1915, in behalf of the said class of 1915, proclaim that their first proclamation is withdrawn.

Vol. I No 1.

The Sentimental Sentinel





EDITORIALS



The Horrors of War

"The fighting nations of Europe have declared as additional contraband all toilet articles."—News Note.

SHADES of Departed Napoleons! Offsprings of Degenerate Has! Slingers! Rise up, Young Ladies, and protect your Rights. Proclaim your right of equal suffrage and disperse the outlawed hosts!

Must our young girls have to bear the brunt of war? Will we see our women and children being deprived of the utmost in necessities?

Sad! Sad! No more we will see the Dreamy Eyed Little Powdered Face Stuck Up Behind the Ears, Doll Eyed Lashes That Hang Over Like The Morning After, Cheeks Of the Peaches and Cream Design, Nails That Shine Like The Latest Invention of Edison! No more! No more!

Never again will we single men come home with that delicate air of "Something-Wrong-Somewhere-But-It-Smells-Good" hanging about our manly shoulders! No more will we have to stuff overcoats into our opera hats in order to have an elevated seat at the movies! Never since the Boston Tea Party, the San Francisco Taboo On Dancing or the Pied Piper of Hamelin has the world been faced with such outrageous, discomforting procedures.

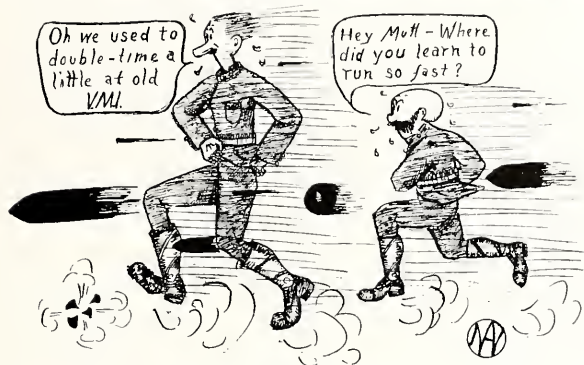
Why is an Editor?

AN editor is human, though ferocious at times. He is compelled to arise at reveille as usual, sometimes having time to wash his face before breakfast. He must sell a "Bomb" before breakfast, write an article on the "High Cost of Loving," secure a page advertisement and sell Xmas cards before he can feast. If time permits, he studies his lessons after breakfast. During the class period he must be on the alert, detect and jot down any witty and semi-foolish sayings of his classmates or professors. In the afternoon he again scouts for Bomb material, and at drill and parade takes sharp notice, such as a mosquito on a cadet's neck, and jot down the ensuing conversation.

If he is sent for by the Superintendent or Commandant, he endeavors to draw from the former a page advertisement, and from the latter a Light Permit. At supper he rushes to ranks, making change, giving instructions and answering questions. Perhaps at night he studies (over the financial side of his publication). In sleep, unless he formulates some foolish ideas and money-making schemes, he is haunted by nightmares, without their harness.

But he's human!





OUR ALUMNI IN EUROPE

Lies

1. "I can't keep my engagement this afternoon, Miss —. I am under confinement."
2. "Give me a Piedmont; I'm going to buy some Saturday."
3. "Captain, I studied this two hours last night just before I went to the hops."
4. "Report me at the arch."
5. "Dear Dad: Please send me \$5.00 for the Y. M. C. A. dues."

Definitions in Infant Drill Regulations

ELEMENT—A small body in attendance at the hops, forming a part of a still larger body that congregates around The Statue.

COLUMN—A formation which the "Crums" observe in approaching an element.

INTERVAL—Space between elements when lined in front of The Statue. The interval between elements is four inches, measured from cadet to cadet.

RANK—The way the element forms the cadet in her own estimation.

LEFT—The way some cadets find themselves on approaching an element.

Even some Clothes Lines have enough Glad Rags on them to pass the National Board of Censorship.

"A rolling stone gathers no moss."
Well, who wants to be a mossback?

It's a long Penalty Tour that has no turning. Also—
It's a long Stoop that has no trash can.

A woman's a woman, but a good cigar is a nickel.

A horse! a horse! My haversack for a horse!

Corporals rush in where O. D.'s fear to tread.

Clothes don't make the cadet, but a creased uniform makes the bills.



THE HIGH COST OF LIVING AT V. M. I.

Ex-Tipperary

Up to mighty Lexington came a bold
cadet one day,
Saw a good-looking skirt right across the
way.
Tickled her right under the chin and
looked into space.
She turned around and, with a frown,
Slapped him in the face—

For
That
Was

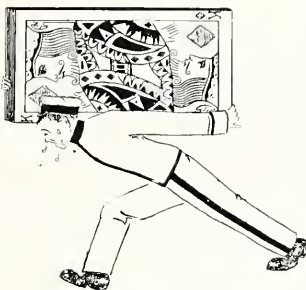
The wrong way to tickle Mary,
It was the wrong way to do;
Old styles are out of fashion,
Get on to the new.
So it's good-bye, old reputation,
Good-bye, fair name;
It was the wrong, wrong way to tickle
Mary.
So don't do it again.



Did It Ever Happen to You?

A moo-cow was grazing in a pasture field
one day,
When along came a little boy from right
across the way.
He grabbed the cow by the tail, and
twisted round and round.
She turned her neck and, with respect,
Knocked him to the ground—
For
That
Was
The wrong way to run a Dairy,

It was the wrong way to do;
Never get behind a cow—
In front, and she'll follow you.
So learn by this experience, and rub away
the pain.
It's the wrong, wrong way to run a Dairy,
So don't try it again—



A Barracks Phrase
"He Had a Deck on Him"

"Elesyan Fields"

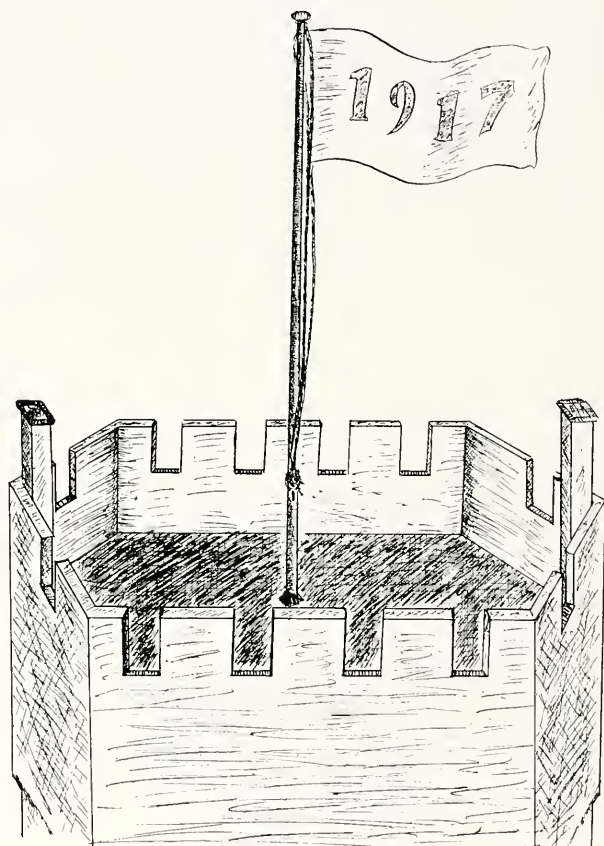
or

Algenon, the Dippy Cadet

Comedy in Several Spasms

Cast of Casters

- Miss Creant—A Girl who knows the ways
and means of the specimen named
below.
- Mister Opportunity—A Cadet who has a
bad habit of falling in love with
every girl at the hops.
- The Moon—Master of Ceremonies at a
stage setting like this.
- Scene—The time-worn Guard Tree, the
rendezvous of all love matches at
the Institute. A cadet and a girl
are seen seated in analytical posi-
tion. The Moon overhead is smil-
ing in his "every-night way."



THE SENTINEL'S GUIDE TO THE
THEATRE
"THE FOLLIES OF 1917"



Familiar Places
1. STUART'S HALL

He—And you will promise me to come up to the Christmas hops?

She (unconcerned)—Yes.

He (passionately)—And promise to write me every day between now and then?

She (passionateless)—Yes.

The Moon (mellow tone)—Be there ever so many splinters, there is no block-head like yer own.



A FUTURIST'S PICTURE

Two Negroes Shoveling Coal at Midnight

(Strains of Homitz's Bunch are heard from the ballroom, and a couple are seen approaching down the walk. Alas! his short five minutes are up, and time has cheated him, and he must give way to another.)

(Note.—The above conversation is repeated for the next twenty-three couples that occupy this position.)

ACT TOO

Scene—Any room in barracks containing the above-mentioned cadet about two weeks later.

He—Has the mail been delivered?

His Roommate—About a week er go.

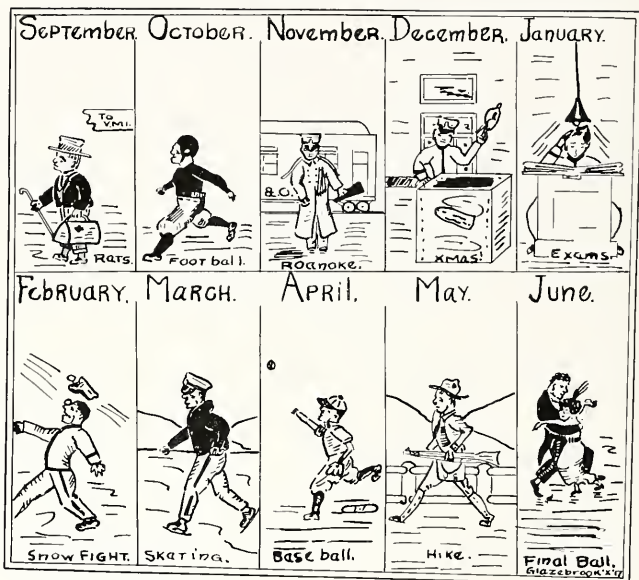
He—Where's muh letter?

H. R. M.—You simp, you didn't get any. D'ye think that Jane's goin' ter write you every day?

He—Sure, Mike! Wait 'till tomorrow an' see.

Scene Two—Same setting as above, with a small sprinkling of "down-in-the-mouth" air about the place. The above-mentioned cadet caught in the act of Moon-gazing. Room-mate looking on with "kill-'em-





LIFE AS SEEN BY THE SENTINEL

quick-don't-let-'em-suffer" expression. Mail man in disguise of O. G. arrives at door. Hands the above-mentioned cadet "monthly-forget-me-not-from-McCrums."

He—Holy Mike! Is this all I got?

H. R. M.—Wake up, kid, yer dreaming.

ACT THRICE

Scene—Christmas Hops. Abundance of "calic" fluttering around with "Cadet Crums" and "Students" that can barely be distinguished from the hurry and flurry of the O. D. and O. G., not to mentioned that very important personage, The Adjutant, in endeavoring to make themselves conspicuous. The above-mentioned cadet is seen gazing out of fourth stoop window, "door-dare" expression of visage.

He (to roommate)—There's those dog gon "sweaters" round my "calic" again. Just watch muh!

Roommate—Easy, boy. Don't do anything you wouldn't put in church.

He (rushing madly out of room)—Give muh life, or give mun de-eath (expression of movie villian adorning face).

Scene Two—Same as above around the Washington Statue, but with heavy air of "someone-out-of-place-here-Watso" hovering about.

He—May I speak to you a moment, Miss Creant?

She (up-in-the-air expression)—Oh, if it's absolutely necessary! Excuse me a moment. Just a minute, please. Mr. Crum, Mr. Sticker, Jack, Bill, —

SENTINEL

He (after drawing Miss Creant aside)—
???—000—988shet2—C' ?:/.

She (in same tone)—Ki-Yi-Ki-Yi, OOOoo
ooo, ????:. (&)—C%\$!|".



The Leaning Tower ?

HISTORICAL SCENES

(All the above, of course, to closely
resemble a dog getting run over by a
mile-a-minute traction engine.)



He (soft music, Herr Professor, please)
Oh, well! I'll see you tonight. (And the
funny part of it is he means well?????)



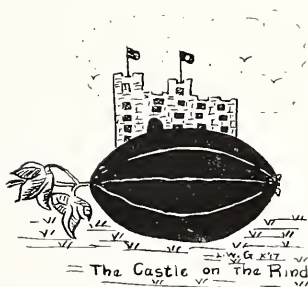
Scene Three Times—Same as Scene First
Time. Roommate seated with "I-told-you-
so" expression on face.

Roommate—Well, I told you not to
do it.

He—You—?—?—?—?. (Repeated
several times for sake of stage effect.
Climax scene by throwing blacking stool
at his disappearing roommate as he runs
out of door.)

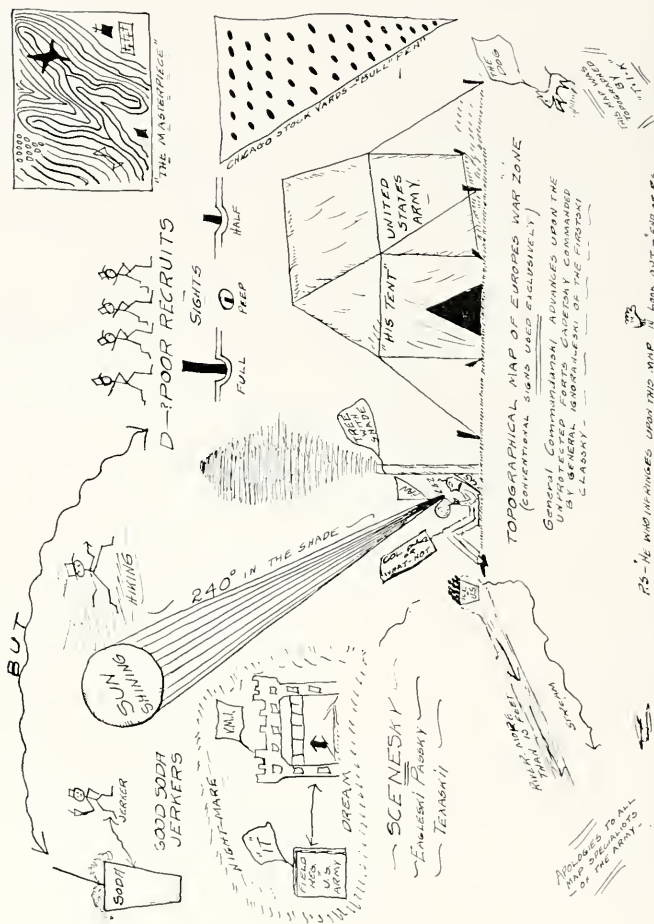
ACT FOUR

Scene—Above-mentioned cadet reading
delinquency report in arch the
next day.



HISTORICAL SCENES

Opportunity—Thirty min. late obeying
C. Q.; throwing blacking stool at O. D.
in C. Y.; Ungentlemanly conduct in pres-
ence of ladies in front of Washington
Statue about 7.45; Loud swearing in
room about 7.47.



TOPOGRAPHICAL MAP OF EUROPE'S WAR ZONE
(All rights reserved)



(Above-mentioned cadet swoons and is heard to murmur faintly as he is carried to room by loving hands—"Never Again!")



Funeral March played as curtain falls.
Go easy, Mabel, that's a hired horse!

?

Work of the
Censor

?

Who Was the Fool?

MISS DE VERE STILL MISSING

Miss Morris De Vere, whose strange disappearance occurred at the convent of the Seven Sisters some time during Friday night or Saturday morning, has not been found. Upon the steps leading to the butler's pantry a small piece of pink paper written upon with pale violet ink was found. The writing was in French. The translation of the piece of paper has occasioned much comment and excitement in the convent. The small piece of paper contained only the following words:

(Here the paper had been torn in two.)

The following morning the paper contained the following, and again the waiter chuckled:

THE DE VERE MYSTERY

Further developments in the mysterious disappearance of Miss Morris De Vere from the convent of the Seven Sisters have been given to the public.

It seems that yesterday morning a note was found under the main entrance door, addressed to Sister Theresa, containing the following:

American Transportation Line,
S. S. Bermuda,
Via Paris—New York.

Have gone away. Give all my things away as soon as possible and look for a small pink envelope addressed to me in violet ink, and burn it if found.

(Signed) D. D.

Further pieces of the pink envelope with the violet ink have been found, but caused such a commotion at Police Headquarters when pasted together and translated fully that it was immediately destroyed by order of the Police Magistrate, and the case ordered "Dropped."

The full translation was, however, secured by our Secret Service Staff Reporter and reads—

—like a gruesome forgery. The strict censorship of the press prohibits us from publishing the translation.



Acknowledgments

The Board of Editors take this opportunity to express their appreciation and sincere thanks to the following persons for contributions, upon whose aid largely depended the successful publication of this book:

For Articles—

COLONEL J. M. PATTON.....V. M. I.
COLONEL R. B. POAGUE.....V. M. I.
COLONEL J. C. WISE.....V. M. I.

For Drawings—

MISS ESTELLE PENN.....Abingdon, Va.
MR. F. L. LAFFERTY.....San Francisco, Cal.
CADET GLAZEBROOK.....V. M. I.
CADET MCGIFFERT.....V. M. I.
CADET WILSON.....V. M. I.

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All advertisers for their aiding hand.

The Editor-in-Chief desires to personally express his appreciation for the interest taken by the BOMB STAFF in the editing of this publication.



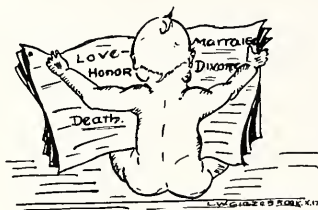
To Be Charged For

The Dedication.....	COL. J. M. PATTON
Foreword.....	THE EDITOR
Historical Data.....	COL. J. C. WISE
The New Institute.....	THE ARCHITECTURAL JOURNAL
First Class Toast.....	THE EDITOR
First Class Biographies.....	EVERYONE
"The Kid's".....	THE EDITOR
First Class History.....	THE EDITOR
Second Class History.....	H. M. READ
Third Class History.....	E. C. BROWN
Fourth Class History.....	J. C. WITT
"In the Section Room".....	JOCK BRANDT
The Hike.....	H. L. SMITH
Poague in the Wilderness.....	COL. J. C. WISE
The Subs.....	C. T. HOLTZMAN
The Boy Major of the Confederacy.....	COL. J. C. WISE
Foot Ball.....	COL. R. B. POAGUE
Base Ball.....	C. T. HOLTZMAN
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Tennis.....	THE EDITOR
The Hops.....	W. E. BAUGHAM
"Does It Pay?".....	THE EDITOR
Co-Ed School.....	THE EDITOR
Class Petition.....	THE EDITOR
The Sentimental Sentinel.....	THE EDITOR
The Sentimental Sentinel (Drawings), WILSON AND GLAZEBROOK	
First Class Cartoons.....	L. W. GLAZEBROOK
The End.....	THE EDITOR
Sophisticating Sam.....	THE EDITOR



HE Nineteen-Fifteen Bomb was born on the morn of Enthusiasm and dies on the eve of Dejection. And this is the End!

How different are the first mad thoughts of our enthusiasm as compared to the view of our completed book in Dejection. But herein we have endeavored to give a lasting monument to the Class of Fifteen, and a source of pleasure to the gray hairs of later years as we remember our cadetship and peruse our Bomb. And this is the end for the Class of Fifteen! Today Cadets, tomorrow merely citizens! We go out each upon his own pathway, but still united in the bonds of a common love, classmates forever, friends and brothers—Alumni of V. M. I.



.THE END.



But Pause Not Till Ye Read It All,
The Rests Important - Very.
You'll Find The Place To Buy Your Hats,
Drugs, Suits, And Stationery.
Then Go Ye Spendthrifts, Buy To-day,
Spend Freely All Ye Misers;
For That Will Be The Fittest Way
To Thank Our Advertisers.



Sophisticating Sam

Guess you all hav' heard tell o' this consarn war o' destruck-sion thet be rageing over t'other side o' th' pond? Well, bein' as how all th' men folk in my vercinity air doin' their consarndest t' scrape a livin', I ups and tells my fambly o' the sensibility o' this "Made in Amerika" movement, and launches one o' my own. Thet if they be a making it in good ole Uncle Sam's way, why, gosh durn it, I got spunk enough left in this ole carcass o' mine to spen' my schekels here to home.

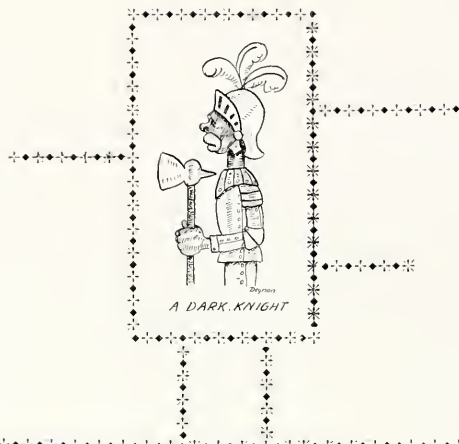
Now, th' folks thet publish this here BUM be them same folk who had spunk enough to advertise in it. Why, gosh ding it, let's show our "enthuseastic-red-sport-blood" and buy from 'em. They be showin' you what they got, so what in th' name o' Sam Hill you want to be er runnin' and er rummageing from Guatepeck to Kallamazoo lookin' fer somethin' when you don't know whar ter look? Be like Jonah,—come out en shake yo'self.

Me and Cinthy (Cinthy she's my ole 'oman) live down ter Tom Cat Creek, and t'other day we hed a new arrival in th' fambly. Well, now, you knows if thar be anything worse then a woman for high-falootin' explosions it be a Ford ortermobile. Cinthy, she wants to name her Cimanthy Jine Rubias Whitaker, but I jerks from my pocket an ole American Flag what hung on our door when we hed er 4th July exposition, en, waving it over my hed, I proclaim the rights of Man, and we named her "Amerika Vespuicious."

Now, by gum, show yer spirits!

TURN THE PAGE
QUICK! I'M
GOIN' TO
GET OUT!

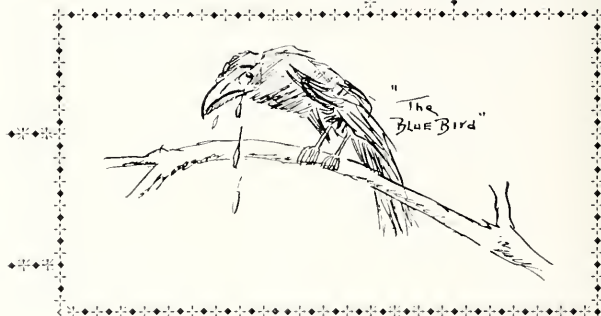




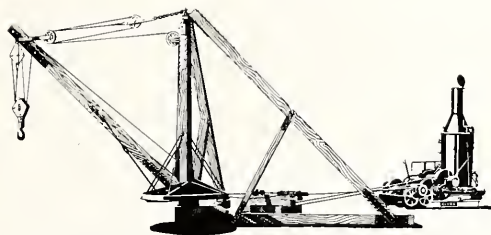
A DARK KNIGHT



To Make a Long Tale Short



"The
Blue Bird"



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efficiency thruout the field of
HOISTS AND DERRICKS

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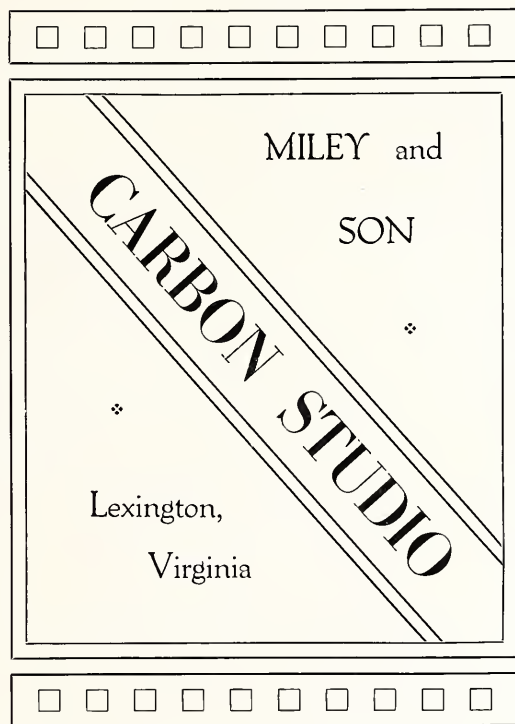
WE DELIVER ANYWHERE AT ANY TIME

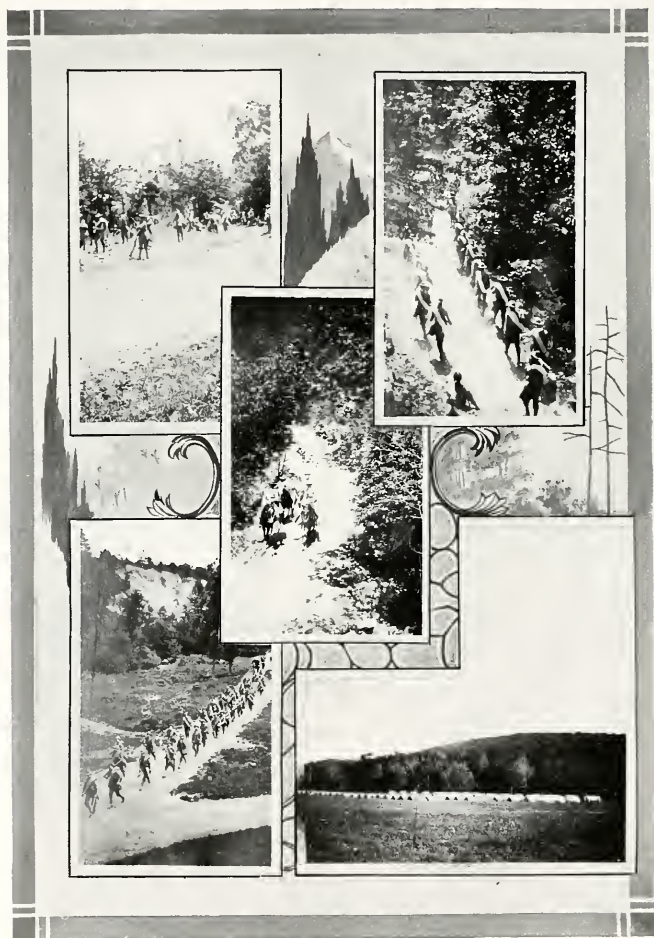
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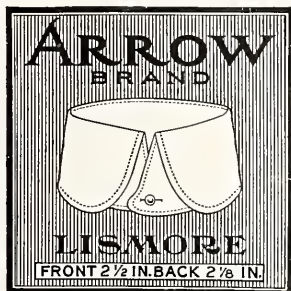
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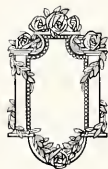


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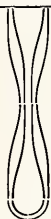
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Mother Zachery, the so-called mother of all crooks in the Parisian district, was busy thinking. Mother Zachery had just picked up a bone in the street gutter in which was imbedded a small gold piece of money. Mother Zachery, upon closer examination of the pink piece of paper in which the coin was wrapped, found the words, "YOU—NOW IS THE TIME TO—", badly scratched, and here it stopped.

Mother Zachery then did a most remarkable thing. From a loose panel in the wall she carefully took a small vial closely resembling a hypodermic needle, and, holding it close to the paper, let small, slow drops of the light violet fluid trickle on that part of the paper on which the writing was obscure. Then, as it faintly grew into perfectly formed letters, replaced the vial in the wall and chuckled to herself.

It was dusk in Paris. The brilliant electric display of the shops was just beginning as Ralph Conrad, dirty, bruised and bleeding, emerged from a dimly-lighted street with a small pink piece of paper in his hand upon which in light violet ink was written several French words, and made his way to the hotel.

And French was as Greek to him.

All night long Conrad had sat alone in his room at the Plaza trying to translate the violet French words on the pale pink piece of paper. As a last resort he approached the clerk the first thing in the morning.

"Say, old man," he greeted, "an old hag gave me this very interesting piece of pink French paper. No French for mine. Mind reading it for me?"

The clerk took the piece of paper, scanned it, and an expression of terrible anger mixed with one of horror spread over his face. Quickly he thrust it back across the counter at Conrad, and, catching him by the shoulder as he pushed him up the steps, said:

"Hurry, man: you must get out of here right away. That's all there is to it; we can't have you around here. Don't raise a rough house, now, and I won't say one word about it."

"But"—protested Mr. Conrad.

That day at noon Mr. Ralph Conrad left the Hotel Plaza.

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Four times that day he endeavored to have the piece of paper translated, and four times he was escorted out, shunned and dreaded. And he was an American. If he could only read French! As a last resort he approached the American Ambassador, but the same result:

"Hurry, man, get out. I'm sorry. Go home right away. There's a boat at eight," he heard as he left the building.

At eight sharp Mr. Ralph Conrad from Lansing, Michigan, with baggage, servant and a small piece of pink paper with a small pale violet French phrase on it, sailed for New York.

The following day he endeavored to have the paper translated by the First Mate, but with the same result. The cook fell overboard, the steward committed suicide, many passengers huddled frightened in the corners of their respective quarters, all on account of the very inquisitive disposition of Mr. Ralph Conrad.

And the Captain of the vessel did not run.

The Captain took the small slip with the pale violet phrase on deck and adjusted his cap in the stiff breeze that was blowing. The Captain held the small pink slip with the pale violet ink to his eyes, and again adjusted his cap in the stiff breeze that was blowing.

And then the Captain read the translation to the quivering Mr. Ralph Conrad from Lansing, Michigan.

Again the Captain adjusted his cap in the stiff breeze that was blowing, opened his mouth, closed his eyes and read:

"YOU———"

And the small piece of pink paper with the pale violet ink blew out of the Captain's hand and away over the high seas, as he again tried to adjust his cap in the stiff breeze that was blowing.

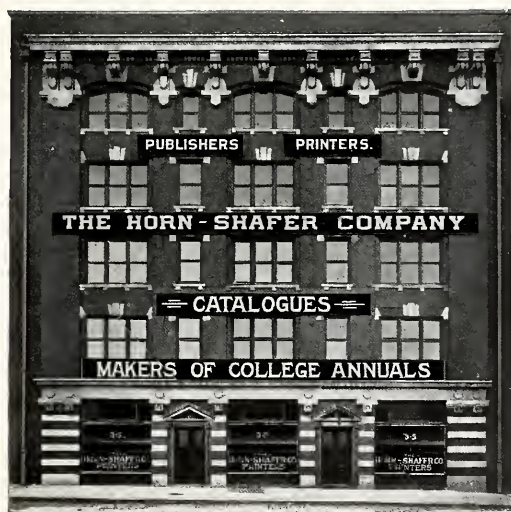
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